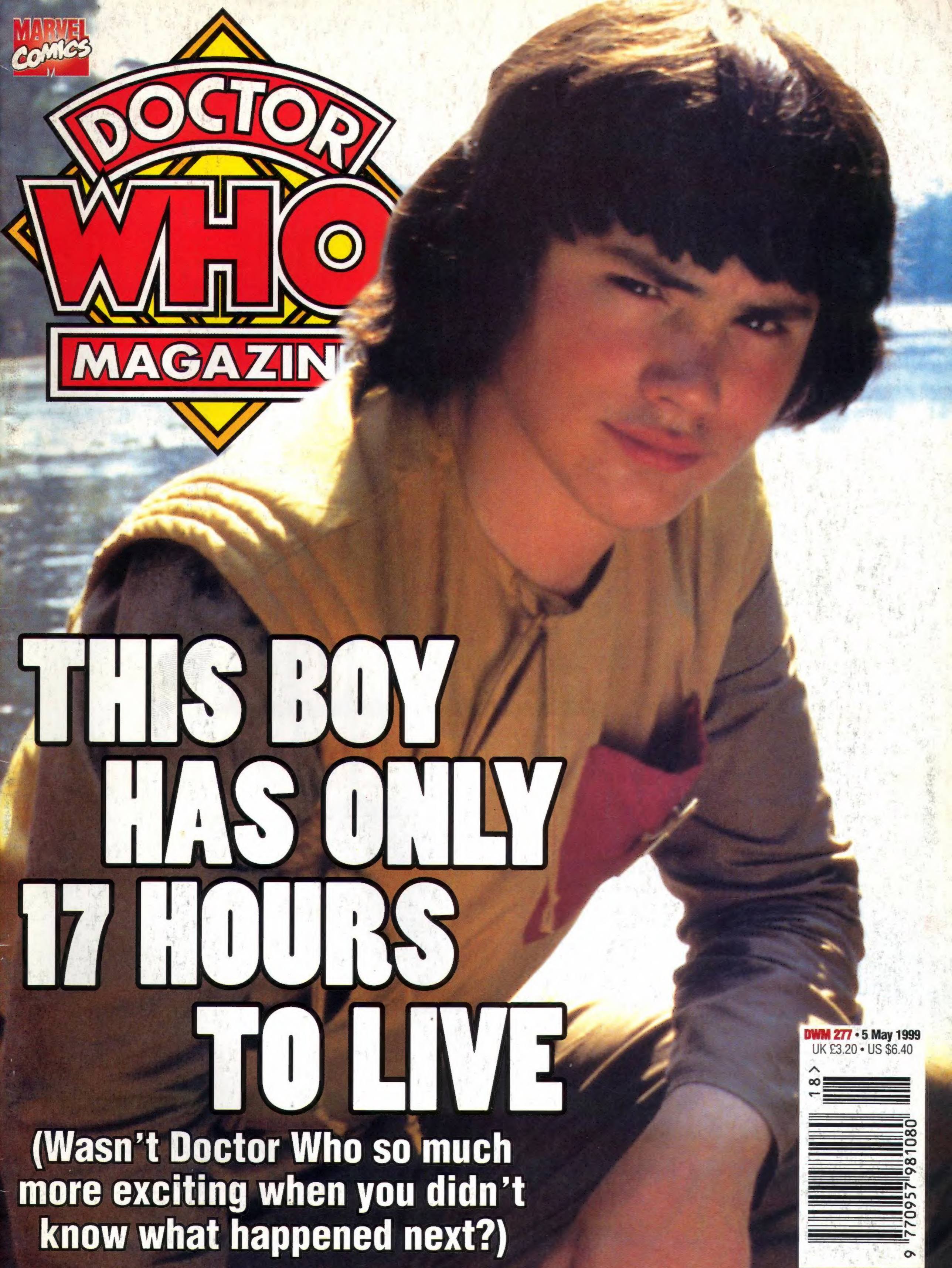
MARVEL COMICS

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE



THIS BOY HAS ONLY 17 HOURS TO LIVE

(Wasn't Doctor Who so much more exciting when you didn't know what happened next?)

DWM 277 • 5 May 1999
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DOCTOR WHO

THE NEW AUDIO ADVENTURES

Summer 1999

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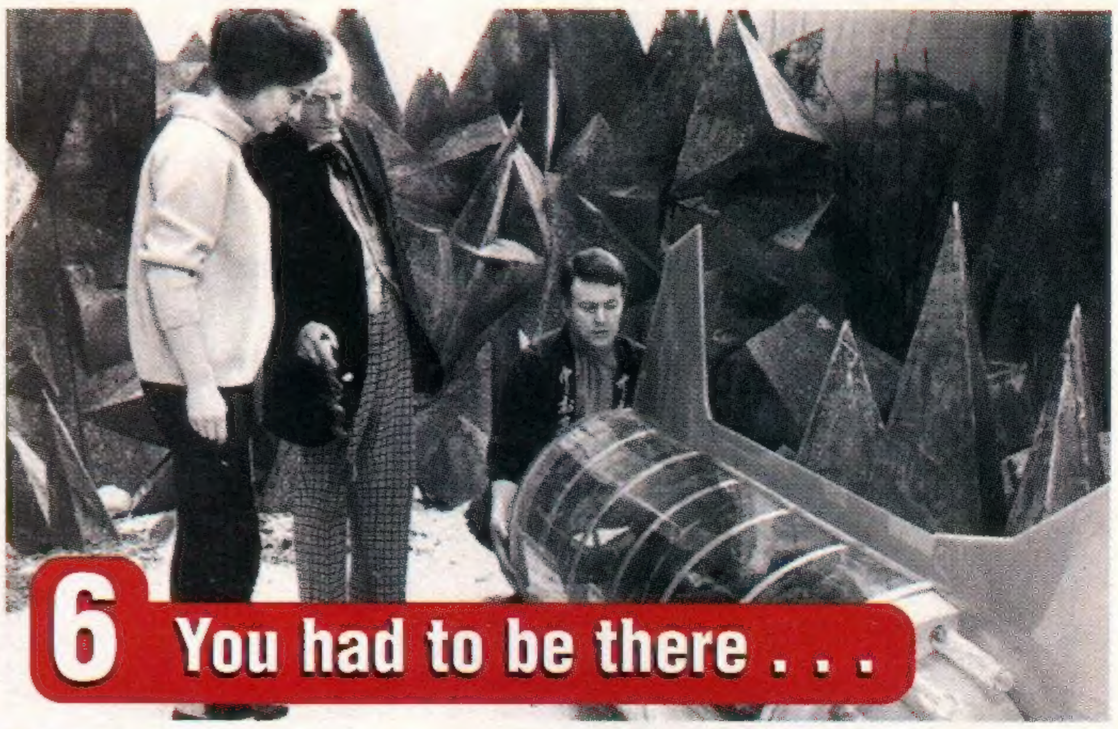
This issue



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Well, paint me gold and call me an Axon. You wait years for some new *Doctor Who* and then three different chunks turn up at once. The programme lumbers through a 35th anniversary year with nary a flicker of interest from the press or television – then, suddenly, as 1999 dawns, the fickle swines can't get enough of it.

While you might say that the first episode of *The Crusade* is not precisely 'new' *Doctor Who*, I can at least argue that it's entirely new to me. Certainly, the papers seemed almost unduly thrilled by its discovery – with a few of the broadsheets granting the news a giddy number of column inches – and even the 50 trillion billion audience of the National Lottery show was obliged to witness an almost *Crimewatch*-style reconstruction of the event. Whatever next? The Myrka on *Jerry Springer* (*"Everyone Tells Me I Smell Of Fish"*)? Grace Holloway getting to grips with a Megane on *Top Gear*?

Elsewhere, we're served up countless different versions of our hero by Comic Relief in the much-publicised "*Dimensions In Time* gone right" comedy adventure. The *Radio Times* suggests that "Everyone's talking about Doctor Who". Well I know that everyone *I* know is, but that's entirely my issue to deal with. But *everyone*? Blimey! If only I had their addresses I'd send them a subscription form.

Then, most thrillingly of all to me, the boys and girls at Big Finish secure the rights to make a whole bunch of brand-new *Doctor Who* stories on cassette and CD. I'm not sure if my opinion counts for anything these days after my banging on about the glories of *K9 and Company* for so long, but I remember the series of unlicenced, don't-tell the-Beeb (oops!) audio plays produced by Gary Russell in the late eighties which were so, *so* much better than the *Doctor Who* that was on TV at the time, so I'm *certain* that there's no-one in the world better than Gary to oversee this new range. They're going to be bloody *excellent*.

Perhaps everyone *is* talking about *Doctor Who*, after all. Did you know that more people are buying **Doctor Who Magazine** than at any point in the last 10 years?

We live in interesting times, you and I. We appreciate your letting **DWM** be your guide to this brave new world. In return we promise to show you things you'll never get to see elsewhere . . .

There's a whole new look, and loads of new features, coming to **DWM** in June – and our very best free gift *ever* – as a thankyou to both those of you who've been with us for years, and those who clambered aboard today.

Don't, as they say, miss it!

Gary

Editors **Gary Gillatt**
Alan Barnes
Design **Peri Godbold**

Thanks to **Vanessa Bishop**, **David Brunt**, **Steve Cole**, **Sue Cowley**, **Richard Develyn**, **Robert Dick**, **Robert Franks**, **Dennis Greenaway**, **Andrew Morgan**, **Jac Rayner**, **David Richardson**, **Adrian Rigelsford**, **Gary Russell**, **Paul Shoefield**, **Jan Vincent-Rudzki**, **Peter Ware**, **Martin Wiggins**, **BBC Books**, **BBC Video** and **Big Finish**

For details of current subscription rates, see page 37 or call **MRM** on 01858 410510

For display advertising, contact **Essential Media** on 0171 833 8030

Doctor Who Magazine™ Issue 277. Published by **Marvel Comics**, a division of Panini UK Ltd. Office of publication: Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. *Production* Mark Irvine; *Product Manager* Liz Teal; *Chief Sub* Jason Quinn; *Managing Editor* Alan O'Keefe; *Managing Director* Miles Stevens-Hoare. Published every four weeks.

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Printed in the UK. Newstrade distribution: Marketforce (UK) Ltd, 0171-261 5555. Subscriptions: MRM, 01858 410510. ISSN 0957-9818

Gallifrey Guardian

Big start for Big Finish as three Doctors unite

Over the weekend of 6 and 7 March, Peter Davison, Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy led the cast in the recording of *The Sirens of Time*, the first in the new series of *Doctor Who* audio adventures from Big Finish.

The stars seemed delighted to be back in harness in their roles as the Doctor, and recording was regularly held up on the Sunday afternoon by their high-spirited japes. But, with a suitably firm hand, writer/director Nicholas Briggs called 'cut' at 7.00pm – bang on schedule.

This series of plays are produced under licence from the BBC, and executive producer Stephen Cole was on duty to police the Corporation's interests. He told Doctor Who Magazine he was "delighted" with both script and performances and was awaiting a chance to hear the finished drama "as eagerly as anyone".

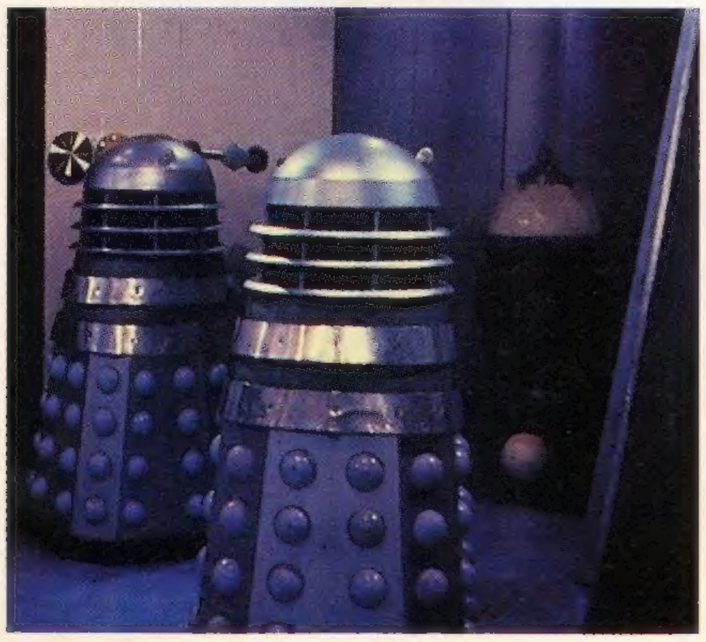
In the middle of the mayhem, a second audio project was underway that day, as DWM's Nicholas Pegg interviewed the cast and crew for a special documentary that will come free on a special CD to be covermounted with the forthcoming DWM 279, on sale 3 June. Complete with exclusive clips and out-takes from *The Sirens of Time*, plus hilarious interviews with all three Doctors, this 'DWM feature you can hear' will form the best possible guide to this exciting new series of adventures.

Big Finish has also confirmed its next productions. August's *Phantasmagoria* comes from writer Mark Gatiss (also in *The Sirens of Time* cast) and will star Peter Davison, while Colin Baker will take the starring role in Justin Richards' October-released *The Sound of Fear*. Each Doctor will be joined by a TV companion, but their identities have not been confirmed at the time of going to press.

Pictured: *Peter, Colin and Sylv at the Fulham studio; Marvel champagne helps producers Gary Russell, Steve Cole, Jason Haigh-Ellery and (front) director Nick Briggs celebrate the completion of their first* Doctor Who. Photos by John Moore

Beginning box for Christmas, but . . .

BBC videos go bimonthly in July



Despite announcing that a lavish boxed set containing the first 13 episodes of *Doctor Who*, plus the series' pilot, will make up this year's special Christmas release, BBC Video have indicated that its *Doctor Who* schedule is to drop in frequency to one tape every two months from this summer.

The change comes following the release of the unedited *Terror of the Zygons* in July. *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* now arrives in September, with the November slot taken by *Doctor Who: The Beginning*, a set comprising the pilot episode, *100,000 BC*, the first Dalek serial and, for the first time, the two-part *Inside the Spaceship*. A TARDIS keyring will be included with the box – as will bonus postcards, likely to be in all future releases. As planned, uncut versions of *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, *The Time Warrior* and *The Seeds of Death* are expected to follow in 2000, alongside *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*.

A BBC Video spokesman told **DWM**: "We've taken this decision after much consideration and in the knowledge that reducing the number of video releases will be a disappointment to some fans. We obviously don't want to upset anyone but the reason for this change is in order to provide a longer window of opportunity for each title to receive as much marketing and retail exposure as possible. This will enable us to maximise sales of each release, thus ensuring that the *Doctor Who* video brand goes from strength to strength."

On the brighter side, word reaches us that *The Face of Evil* cassette, still out in May, will contain an added bonus in the form of an early appearance by Louise Jameson on *Multi-coloured Swap Shop*. And although a release date has yet to be fixed (almost certainly for later this year), **DWM** has been advising Comic Relief on what similar 'extras' might be included on the still-in-the-planning VHS of its all-star comedy extravaganza, *The Curse of Fatal Death*. Watch this space.

Cornell plots end of BBC Books story arc

Brig joins Doctor 8 to see in millennium

Ever-controversial Virgin *New Adventures* author Paul Cornell is penning his first BBC Books *Doctor Who* novel, which will help launch the range into the next millennium.

Very provisionally titled *The Storming of Avalon*, Cornell's Eighth Doctor novel wraps up a complex story arc which commences in August in Lawrence Miles' two-part *Interference*. The book ties in with Cornell's last Virgin *NA*, *Happy Endings*, in that it features the revitalised Brigadier – "my favourite character," the author told **DWM**. We're also promised a new incarnation of former companion Romana, now President of Gallifrey, who's modelled her new persona after a 1930s 'flapper'.

January 2000's *The Storming of Avalon* will doubtless prove one of the most keenly-anticipated *Doctor Who* novels yet, if only for Cornell's take on the lead character's latest regeneration: "I'm really enjoying playing with Paul McGann's Doctor," he says. (Simultaneously, Cornell is working on a 'mainstream' SF novel commissioned by publishers Gollancz.)

Meanwhile, between work on a second series of the BBC2 comedy smash *The League of Gentlemen*, writer/performer Mark Gatiss is penning a Third Doctor, Jo and UNIT adventure, *The Last of the Gadarene*, out next February.

Internet gossip causes fan consternation

Celestial Toymaker *not* found in Canada!

The rediscovery of long-lost Hartnell episode *The Lion* in January has had an unexpected side-effect – the return to *Doctor Who* fandom of the unlikely 'missing episodes' rumour . . .

Early in March, the **DWM** office was besieged by phone calls from anxious readers, all of whom had heard that the first three episodes of *The Celestial Toymaker*, plus an uncut fourth part and (it gets better) some 30 unmarked *Doctor Who* film cans had been discovered in Canada (a country where *The Celestial Toymaker* was never, in fact, screened). Seemingly originating from a rogue Internet posting, the story went that a BBC Worldwide representative was on the "very next flight" across the Atlantic to bring this huge hoard of missing episodes home . . .

Needless to say, there turned out to be no truth whatsoever in the reports. There was no less veracity in a *Daily Star* story headed "A black out on Dr Who", which claimed that the new-found *Crusade* instalment was not, in fact, to be released on video by the BBC, which feared a "race storm" over its use of 'blacked-up' actors playing Muslim

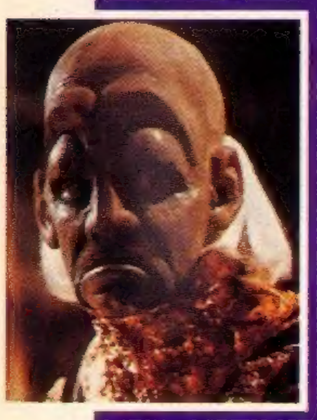
characters. "The forces of political correctness have achieved what the Daleks never could – defeat Dr Who" ran the report, which even quoted an anonymous (and untraceable) "Beeb spokesman" on the subject. This, too, has proved completely false, and *The Lion* is still scheduled for release this June.

Incredibly, Manchester-set gay soap *Queer as Folk* added yet more grist to the rumour-mongers' mill in its 9 March episode, when *Doctor Who* fan character Vince told clubbing buddy Stuart that he'd just got hold of a (non-existent) colour copy of *Planet of the Daleks* 3 – and that he was about to get hold of the missing *Tenth Planet* 4 from the very same supplier!

The moral of these stories? As ever, the only reliable source for *Doctor Who* information remains that printed in *Gallifrey Guardian.*

Win gold!

Four-part Season Twelve Cyber-saga *Revenge of the Cybermen* is reissued, cliffhangers intact, by BBC Video on 12 April – and you can win one of ten copies by entering this issue's competition!



Actor Kevin Stoney plays Vogan Tyrum in this tale – but to win, we'd like you to name the two major *Doctor Who* villains Stoney had played in the 1960s . . .

Write your answer, along with your name and address, on the back of a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked HARRY SULLIVAN IS AN IDIOT and send it to the editorial address on page three by 5 May at the latest.

Win penpals!

You won't fail to impress your most important correspondents – bank managers, Lonely Hearts, that sort of thing – when you send one of Slow Dazzle Worldwide's new *Doctor Who* postcards. Each features a reproduction of artist Colin Howard's lavish *Doctor Who*-inspired paintings.

To win one of ten sets of 18 cards and four bookmarks, you'll have to let us know the name of the incredibly famous painting which Scaroth of the Jagaroth owned umpteen copies of in 1979 Paris-set tale *City of Death* . . .

Answer, plus your name and address, on postcards or stuck-down envelopes marked THIS IS A FAKE to the editorial address by 5 May, please. *Merci bien.*

Dispatches

● Get hitched on the box!

Planning to amble down the aisle to the sound of RESL 80 soon, a picture in *Destiny of the Daleks*-style his 'n' hers Doctor and Romana outfits? *The Wedding Show*, a six-part light documentary-type series to be screened on ITV in the autumn, is looking for a fan couple planning costumed *Doctor Who* nuptials to be filmed for one of the shows. If there's anyone out there with just cause to have the biggest day of their lives hijacked thus, call Simon Horton at Maverick Television on: 0121 771 1812.

● Colin and Nick are Soldiers of Love!

Stars of *Doctor Who*, *Blake's 7*, *Red Dwarf* and *The Tomorrow People* are set to appear in *Soldiers of Love*, an independently-produced SF comedy series on audio CD. The first story, *Genesis*, out on 1 May, features Colin Baker as 'The Editor', Nicholas Courtney as an alien king, plus Michael Keating, Norman Lovett and Sammie Winwill. For details, see the advert in next month's **DWM**. Meanwhile, BBV's K9 and Mistress series now bears the umbrella title *Adventures in a Pocket Universe*; a second story, *The Search*, will be out on 3 June.

● Watling in Sheffield

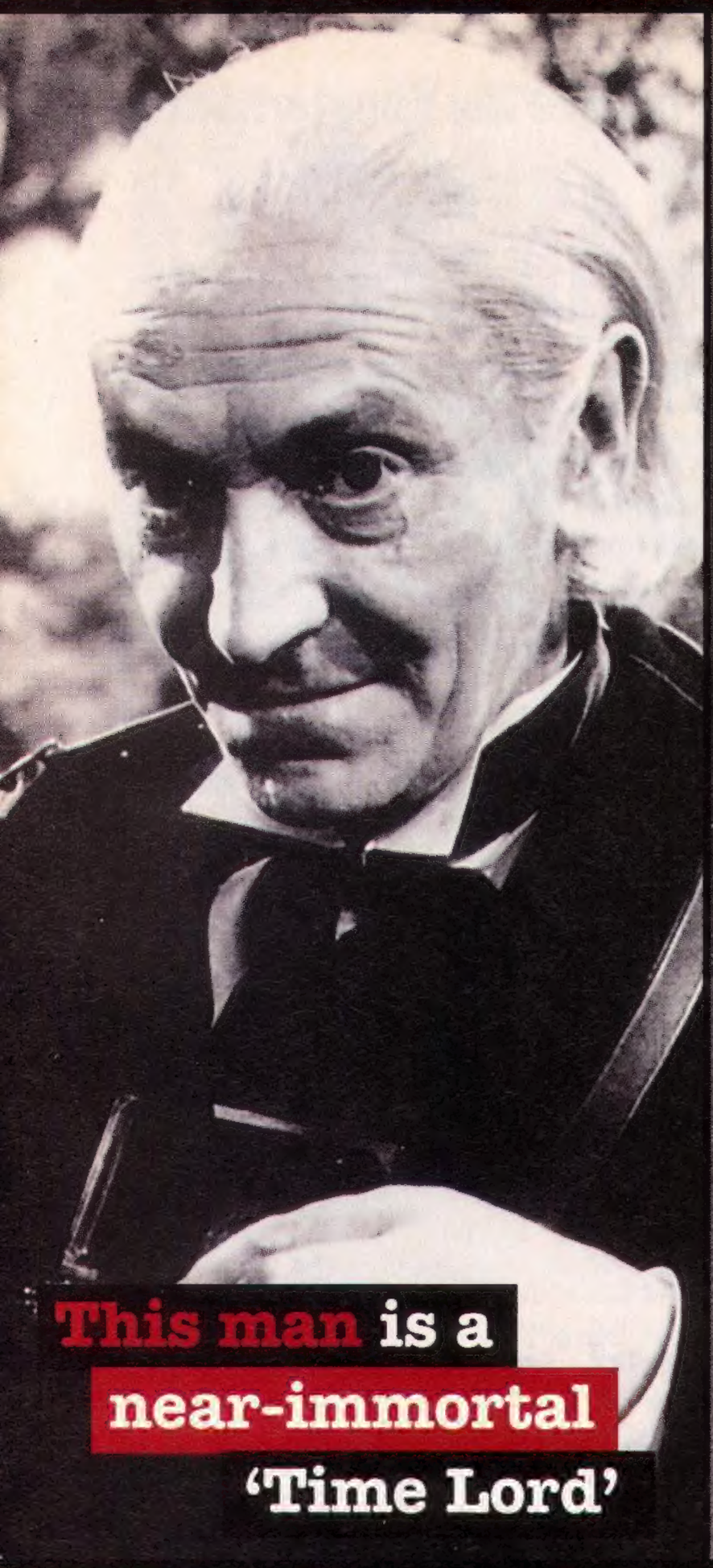
Troughton companion Victoria's actress alter-ego is the star of the Sheffield Local Group's 'An Afternoon with Deborah Watling', which takes place at Sheffield Hallam University on 15 May. Tickets are £8.00 each; doors open at 11.30am; further details at **www.galaxy4.syol.com** or phone 0114 268 4976.

● Who fan in gay film? Get real!

Following controversial gay drama *Queer as Folk* comes *Get Real*, which will receive its UK debut as the Closing Night Gala event of the 13th London Lesbian and Gay Film Festival on Thursday 22 April at the Plaza, Lower Regent Street. A tale of homosexual awakenings in Basingstoke, its lead character's pubescent problems are magnified by a *Doctor Who*-obsessed father who likes to dress as a Cyberman, apparently . . .

● Next issue . . .

Next month's **DWM** turns the spotlight on seventies writer/script editor Anthony Read, who tells tales of killer cats, Sontarans and horned Nimon. Plus: Pertwee space plague saga *Death to the Daleks* forms *The **DWM** Archive*; we've a special report celebrating the sale of BBC Video's two millionth *Doctor Who* tape; all-American gal Daphne Ashbrook goes *Out of the TARDIS* from an LA poolside; there be dragons, Samurai warriors and unspeakable creatures coming out of the woodwork in a brand-new Eighth Doctor 'n' Izzy comic strip adventure set in feudal Japan; and hopefully a thunderously exclusive special feature which we daren't even *hint* at yet . . . Bound up with all the usual finely-tuned scamulations, **DWM** 278 is on sale at all local shops for local people from 6 May.



This man is a **near-immortal** 'Time Lord'

This woman ages to death **before your eyes**

These monsters conquer Gallifrey

Surprised? Yo

Stephen James Walker argues that the way we experience *Doctor Who* in these days of videos and cable channels has been irrevocably changed – and changed for the worse . . .

There are no doubt many committed readers of this magazine who never had the opportunity to see *Doctor Who* as an ongoing series, as it was originally meant to be seen. And I am not referring just to those who live outside the UK, either. Given that the last season went out almost ten years ago (a notable anniversary deserving, for once, lamentation rather than celebration), no-one under the age of about 16 can have had the experience of following the Doctor's exploits on a regular weekly basis on BBC1, and indeed no-one under the age of about 13 can have clear memories of seeing even a single episode on its debut transmission.

This is not to suggest that **DWM** has no younger readers, or that the series has no younger fans. I am always pleasantly surprised to see how many teenagers and even pre-teenagers there are in the audience at the Doctor Who Appreciation Society's PanoptiCon event and others round the country each year. But the age profile of the series' devotees has unquestionably drifted steadily upward over the last decade. Most younger fans have been introduced to *Doctor Who* by parents who are themselves fans – or, at least, more than just casual viewers. Those teenage and pre-teenage conventioneers are almost invariably accompanied by mums and dads who seem equally keen to see the on-stage interviews and snap up the latest items of merchandise from the dealers' room – a far cry from the familiar scenario of years gone by, when the enthusiastic young attendee would generally be seen with a bored and long-suffering adult in tow. There are, I am sure, other teenage fans who have got into the series by different routes – perhaps after learning about it from a genre magazine or chancing to see a UK Gold repeat or even, I suppose, happening to read one of the original novels published by Virgin and latterly the BBC (and it is worth reflecting that by the end of this year these will actually outnumber the televised stories) – but

BBC [3] BBC Video [3]

This statue has the Master living inside it

This man betrays five Doctors to gain eternal life

This is the Doctor's future

u should be...

these must be in a small minority. In this sense, *Doctor Who* is still very much what it always was: family viewing. But only in this sense.

However, this upward shift in the age profile of *Doctor Who*'s fan base has gone hand-in-hand with a fundamental change in the way in which the series is consumed and perceived now that it is no longer in production. Whereas once it was generally regarded as mainstream entertainment for children and adults alike, now it seen primarily as an example of what has come to be known as 'cult television'. Cult television has become a huge phenomenon in recent years, taking many industry pundits by surprise. Its main driving force has been viewer nostalgia for favourite programmes of the sixties, seventies and eighties. And of key importance has been the fact that the mainly middle-class, mainly male 20- and 30-somethings who are predisposed to feel such nostalgia, also have relatively high levels of disposable income. Commercial operators have thus found it a highly lucrative proposition to feed their appetites with a seemingly endless feast of videos, books, magazines and other pieces of collectable spin-off merchandise.

There have been occasions when well over a hundred pounds' worth of *Doctor Who*-related products have been reviewed in just a single *Shelf Life* column, and it should go without saying that such a plethora of items would never have been made available if there were not a ready market for them. There would be no point in the BBC aiming its original *Doctor Who* novels at readers of the same age range as bought the Target novelisations back in the seventies and eighties. They just wouldn't sell enough copies to make it viable. The books have to be tailored to the relatively sophisticated, adult tastes of well-educated men in their twenties and thirties, because that is where the smart money is. One need only consider the demographics underlying the incredible take-off of the Internet over the past few years for further confirmation of this. People have sometimes puzzled over the virtual (though thankfully not absolute) disappearance of the small print-run *Doctor Who* fanzine in the nineties, but here lies the answer: fans who would once have indulged their passion in that way are these days creating instead their own *Doctor Who*-based websites, of which there are now literally hundreds.

The cult television phenomenon has also been a boon to, and has in turn been promoted by, the UK's burgeoning satellite and cable industries. There are now numerous channels – UK Gold and Granada Plus being the best examples – which fill almost all of their schedules with programming specifically designed to appeal to that audience.

It is in this context that *Doctor Who* must be now be considered: as an archive series rather than a current one. But – to come to my main

The singular adventure in space and time: the Doctor and friends encounter *Strangers in Space* . . .

. . . land on the shores of *The Sea of Death* . . .

point – the experience of watching stories on video or repeated on UK Gold is a fundamentally different one from watching them on their original transmission.

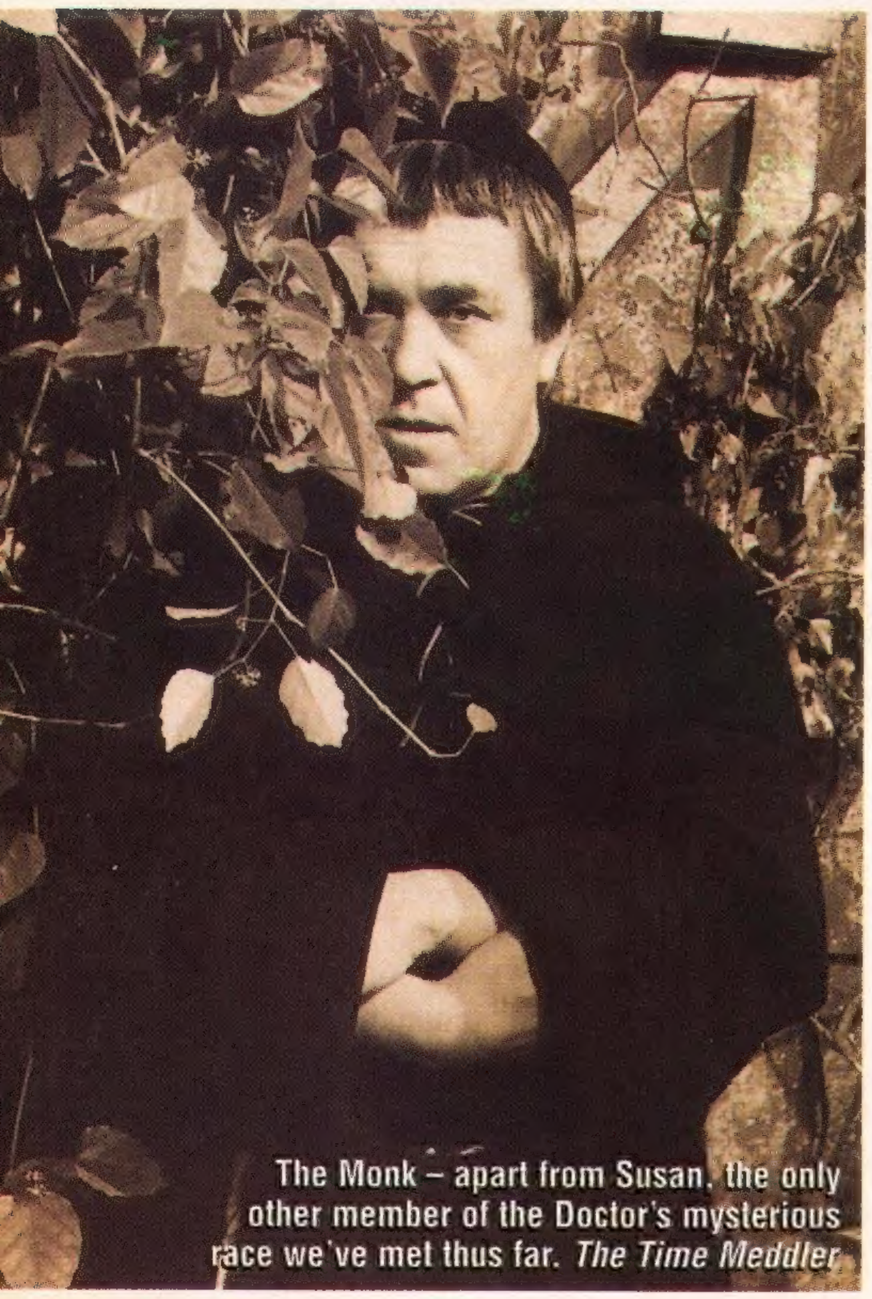
It might perhaps be stating the obvious to note that the episodes were originally intended to be seen at the rate of one per week (or, for a brief period in the early eighties, two per week), on a particular day and in a particular time slot – but how many people now, on first acquiring a video of a story that they have never seen before, ration their viewing of it in this way? Next-to-none, I suspect. And I am no longer referring just to younger fans here. Only those in their late thirties or older will have had the chance to follow the series from November 1963 onwards, and there must be very few indeed who share my good fortune to have seen just about every episode when it originally went out. (My earliest clear memories are of *Inside the Spaceship* – I was three years old at the time – but I am pretty sure that I must have seen the first two stories as well, as my father enjoyed television science fiction and would rarely miss a programme in the genre.)

For me, an essential part of the series' original appeal was always the week's gap between episodes. Seven days in which to savour and relive in my mind the amazing events of the previous instalment. Seven days in which to speculate on what would happen next. Seven days in which to anticipate with increasing impatience the continuation of the story, or perhaps the start of a brand new adventure in space and time. And then it would be Saturday once more, and by five o'clock I would be perched on the edge of my chair in front of the television set, waiting on tenterhooks for the excitement to begin all over again. I hate to think how many times I had to endure the boredom of the *Grandstand* teleprinter chattering out the final football results, or sit through yet another edition of *Basil Brush*, as I maintained my regular weekly vigil, counting down the minutes until the continuity announcer proclaimed the start of the latest episode and those wonderful swirling patterns of the title sequence finally filled the screen to the accompaniment of the eerie electronic theme.

One chapter in the recent book *Doctor Who: From A to Z* argued that the frequently propounded notion that the series possessed a special quality of 'Saturdayness' was bogus, citing as evidence the fact that there was a dramatic increase in the series' ratings when it was moved to a twice-weekly weekday slot in 1982. This, though, is surely missing the point. While it is certainly true that there was nothing inherent in the series that made it particularly suited to a Saturday teatime slot, the fact that it was assigned to such a slot for so many years means that, for those who grew up with it, it will be forever associated with that particular time of the week and its unique atmosphere.

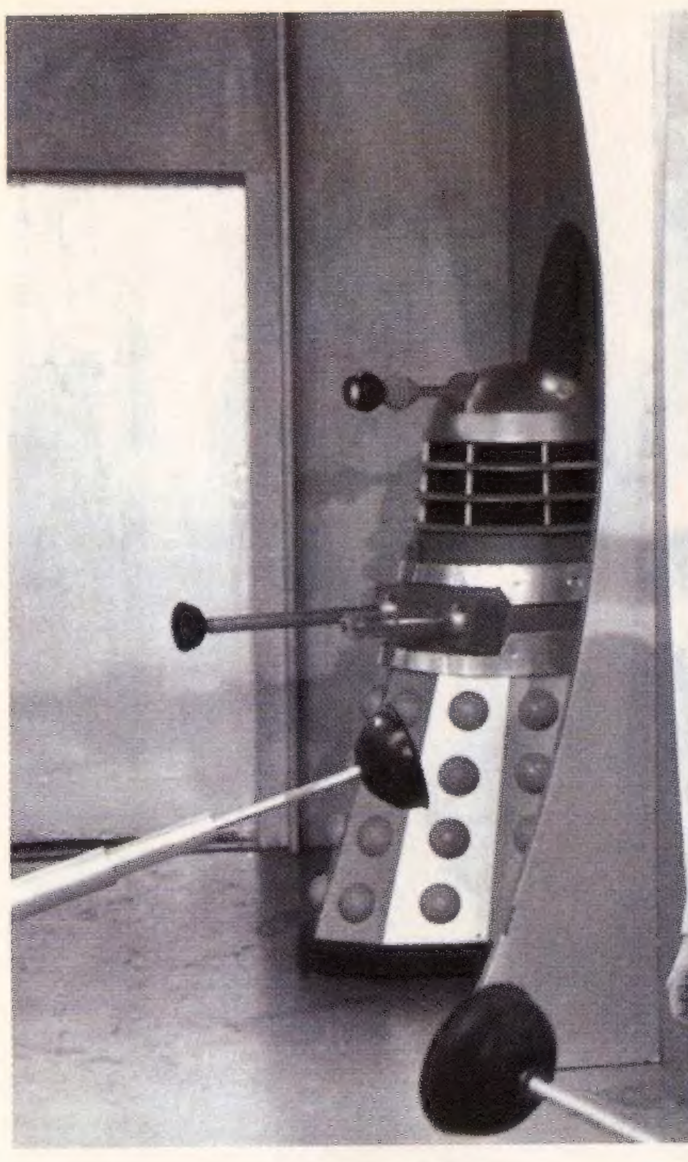
The excitement of the start of the weekend; all the family together in the house; the street lights flickering on outside; the smells of teatime food wafting in from the kitchen. It is nostalgic memories such as these that people have in mind when they talk about 'Saturdayness', not the fact that *Doctor Who* was part of a supremely fine schedule of evening entertainment (as it undoubtedly was) or the idea that this was somehow the ideal time slot for a family science-fiction drama series to occupy. While most people would no doubt struggle to recall what their Saturday evening routine was in any given year, long-time *Doctor Who* fans have no such problem: for them, for certain months of the year at least, it always revolved around a particular 25-minute event. Many, indeed, can actually date the progress of their life by reference to whichever episodes happened to be airing at the time. I will always remember my sister's sixth birthday, for instance, as it fell on Saturday 3 January 1970, and her birthday party was effectively suspended while we all sat down to watch Jon Pertwee making his debut as the Doctor in the first episode of *Spearhead From Space*.

Experiences of this kind were at one time common to all UK-based *Doctor Who* fans, but no longer is that the case. Those who have come

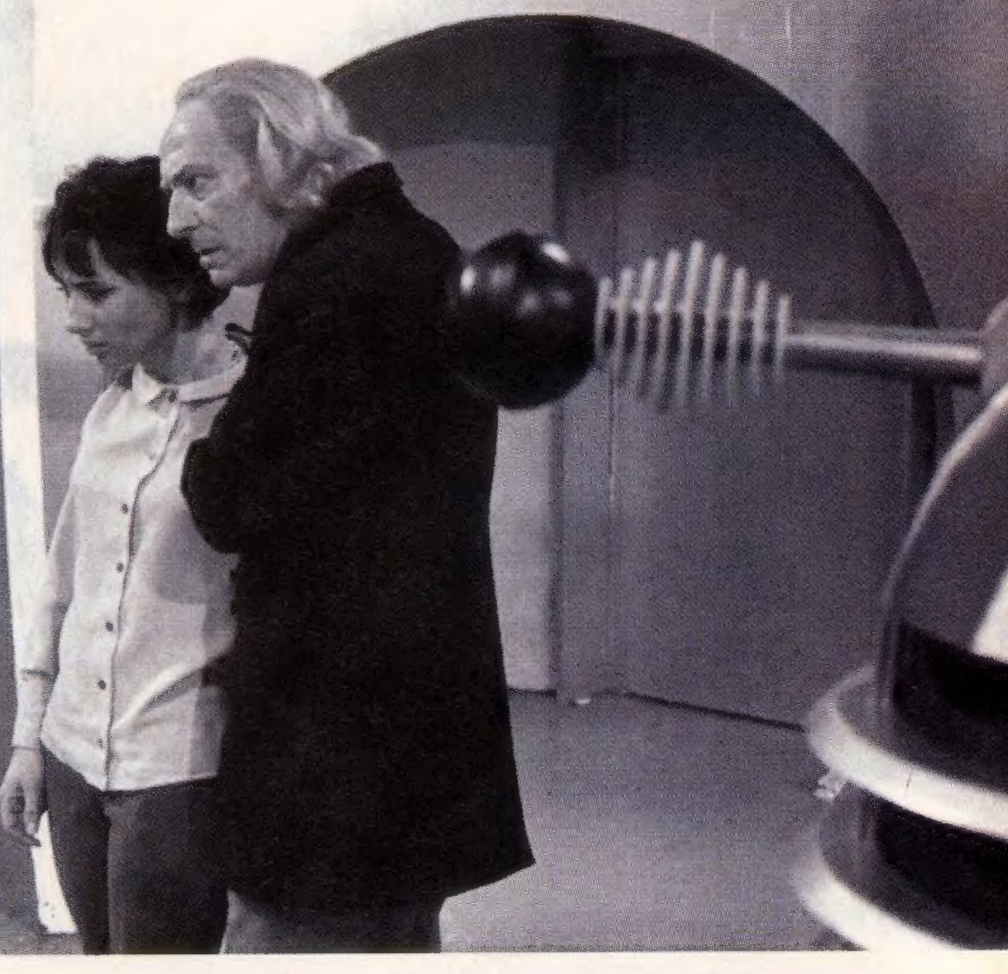


The Monk – apart from Susan, the only other member of the Doctor's mysterious race we've met thus far. *The Time Meddler*

Stories are seen with so much foreknowledge now that the sense of an ongoing narrative is lost



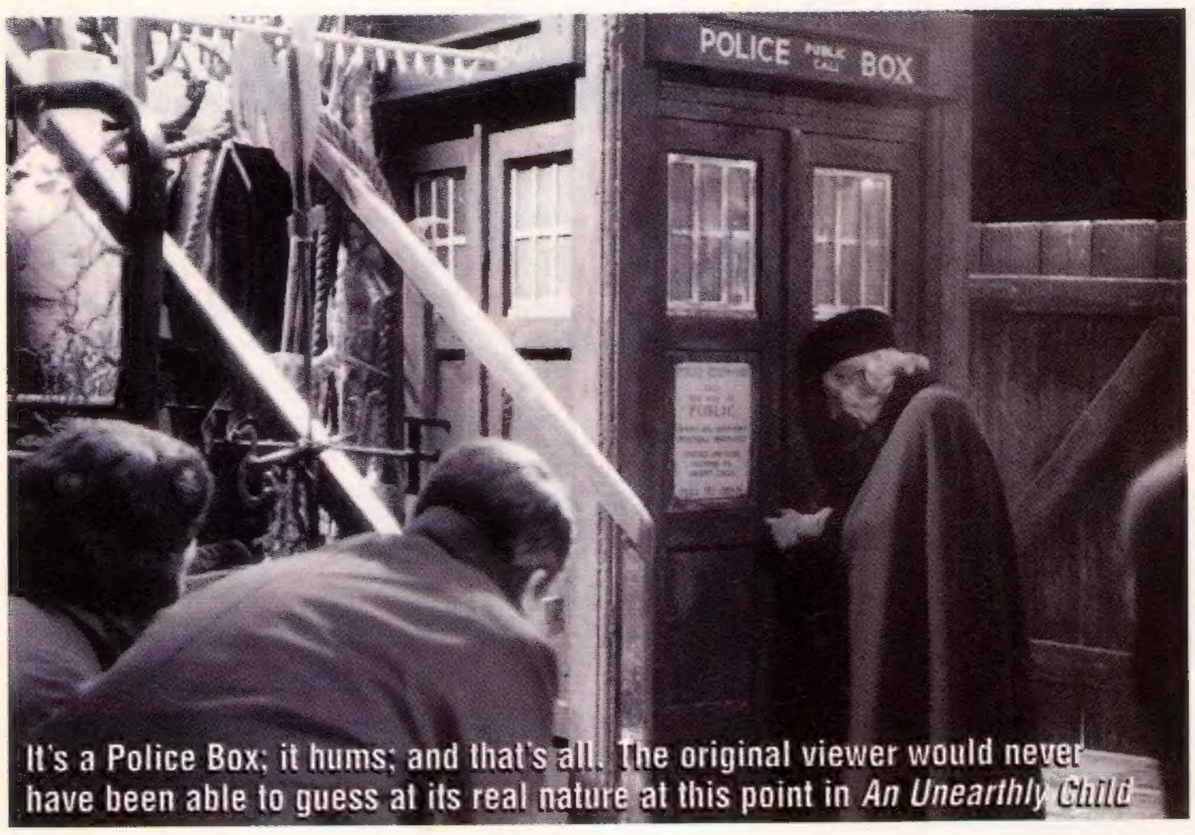
. . . and fall out with *The Survivors* of a terrible neutronic war



latterly to the series – whether through video or through satellite and cable repeats (bearing in mind that before UK Gold it was screened by BSB, and before that by SuperChannel) – will no doubt have their own special and fondly-held memories of the circumstances in which they first saw particular stories. But these will not be the same Saturday teatime memories, and they will not be memories shared by an entire generation.

The original impact of the series' celebrated cliffhanger endings should not be underestimated, either. They played a vital role in helping to retain the viewers' interest during those seven-day intervals between episodes, keeping them guessing as to how the Doctor could possibly escape from his latest dire predicament. (And it was always 'how' rather than 'if' – the lead character could obviously not be killed off, after all – although *The Daleks' Master Plan* shocked many by demonstrating for the first time that his travelling companions enjoyed no similar guarantee of surviving their ordeals.)

In the series' earliest years, viewers were not even sure how many weeks a story would run



It's a Police Box; it hums; and that's all. The original viewer would never have been able to guess at its real nature at this point in *An Unearthly Child*

TARDIS travellers Ian and Barbara, once considered every bit as essential to the series as the Doctor himself. *The Sensorites*

Sometimes the suspense of not knowing the resolution to a cliffhanger could last even longer. I well recall the incredible frustration I felt on missing the opening minutes of the second episode of *The War Games* when heavy traffic delayed my family's return from a shopping trip. The climax of the previous week's instalment had seen the Doctor tied up in front of a firing squad as the officer in charge gave the order to prepare to fire and a shot rang out. How on earth (or, as it later turned out, an alien planet) had he got out of that one? It was not until many years later, after the formation of the DWAS in the late seventies, that I finally discovered the answer from a fellow fan. Again the opportunity for this sort of experience is absent when stories are viewed on video, with one episode following immediately on from another, and the impact of those wonderful cliffhanger endings is partly if not wholly lost.

Even worse is the series' treatment by UK Gold with its 'omnibus' versions of stories, in which all the episodes are strung together without the opening and closing credits between them and it is often impossible to tell exactly where the original cliffhangers actually came in the action. Overseas viewers have also had to suffer 'movie-length' compilations such as these, and even BBC Video presented its initial *Doctor Who* releases in a similar form – sometimes, indeed, with other material edited out as well – until consumer pressure forced them to discontinue the practice (although numerous other classic BBC productions, including *I, Claudius* and *Poldark*, have continued to be subjected to such reprehensible tampering when given their own respective video releases). Anyone with the most basic understanding of television drama production will know that programmes have to be tailored to suit their own particular length. As script editor Eric

The War Games Episode 1: how many of today's viewers *don't* know that the Doctor and co haven't landed in a French trench?

Saward often put it when discussing the 45-minute episode format of the 22nd season, there is more to making a successful double-length *Doctor Who* than sticking two standard-length ones together and removing the intervening credits. Episodes have to be carefully structured and paced to keep the viewer hooked and build up to a thrilling climax. The fruits of all this painstaking work are almost completely lost in the 'omnibus' versions, which seem poorly-paced, disjointed and lacking in excitement by comparison. In short, these versions are a travesty of the original programmes and an insult to the skilled professionals involved in their production – not to mention to the intelligence of the viewer.

Omnibus versions are a travesty of the originals, and an insult to those involved in their making

Back in the sixties and early seventies, of course, the very idea of being able to rewatch *Doctor Who* stories on home video (if one had known what such a thing was) or to see them repeated – in any form – on satellite or cable television (ditto) would have seemed nothing but a wild fantasy. The transmission of each and every episode was a special occasion to the series' devotees, who would strive to commit as much of the action as possible to memory – in some cases with the aid of hand-written notes or even an off-air audio recording of the soundtrack. For all anyone knew, this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. (And so, indeed, it has proved to be in the case of over 100 of the sixties episodes, which – barring a virtual miracle – will never be seen again.)

Looking back, I am glad that this is how things were. I am certain that many of the treasured memories I have of growing up with the series, and much of the pleasure and excitement that I derived from it over the years, can be attributed to the fact that it was strictly rationed in this way, and that it would have seemed much less special if I could have had unlimited access to it. Naturally I felt rather differently at the time. I would have happily watched as much *Doctor Who* as I could, as often as I could, and would have loved to have been able to find out straight away how the latest thrilling cliffhanger would be resolved. Back then, though, this was quite simply beyond the bounds of possibility, and I had no choice but to follow the stories one episode at a time, as they were transmitted. The video generation have no such discipline imposed upon them. They can see the series more or less whenever they choose, and in consequence they miss out.

The Daleks plot *The Death of Time* – but who knows how many weeks this *Chase* might last?

Doctor Who is best consumed one tasty morsel at a time, not in big indigestible chunks. But now, with a whole meal in one to be had twice-weekly on UK Gold and a huge banquet available from every high street video store, fans succumb all too easily to the temptation to gorge themselves.

Having said all this, I am certainly not suggesting that people should throw away their *Doctor Who* videos or leave them untouched on the shelf. The past is the past, and any attempt to turn back the clock would be utterly futile. I would be the first to agree that it is wonderful to able to watch and enjoy classic stories time and time again, discovering new things about them on each occasion. I fear, though, that familiarity can sometimes breed contempt; and even where that is not the case, I think that there needs to be a much greater general appreciation than there is at present of the fact that the episodes are being taken completely out of their original context, and of the profound consequences that this can have for the way the viewer perceives them.

When watching a story now, even if it is one that they have never seen before, most fans will already know a great deal about it, and about the position it occupies in the series' history. Take next month's video release, *The Face of Evil*, for example. The great majority of those who buy this tape will know that the story hails from the third of Tom Baker's seven seasons in the lead role. They will already be aware that the face referred to in the title is that of the Doctor himself. (If there are any readers out there to whom this would have come as a complete revelation, I apologise; but the video's own cover illustration is rather a give-away, isn't it?) They will no doubt have seen photographs of some of the main characters and settings. They will probably even be familiar with the plot of the story, in general terms at least. They will also recall that at the end of the last episode the Sevateem warrior Leela becomes the Doctor's new travelling companion.

Okay, so that last fact was just as well-known at the time of transmission, as it had received considerable advance publicity. In almost every other respect, though, viewers back then would have found the action surprising and suspenseful. They had no idea what was to come next – either in that particular story or in the series in general. They could not tell how much longer Tom Baker would continue as the Doctor, for instance, or how many other actors – if any – would follow him in the role. They were totally in the dark as to where the TARDIS would take the Doctor and Leela on subsequent journeys. They did not know how long Leela would remain as a companion, or how she would eventually be written out.

In the series' earliest years, when each individual episode had its own title, viewers were not even sure how many weeks a particular story would run for. Now that there is so much foreknowledge, and stories are watched out of trans-

BBC Video [2] Raymond P Cusick [1]

mission order, the sense of the series as a gradually unfolding narrative is largely lost. It used to be said that a fan's favourite Doctor was usually the one whose adventures he or she first followed as a child. These days, young newcomers to the series are generally exposed to all eight Doctors in quick – and often random – succession. Even if one wanted to watch all the stories from first to last in sequence, it would be impossible to do so due to the absence of those hundred-odd missing episodes from the sixties. And in any case, it just wouldn't be the same. No-one watching the Daleks' debut story today, for instance, could possibly avoid their reactions to it being heavily coloured by their awareness of the incredible craze that the creatures generated, or of their many subsequent appearances in the series.

Another important factor influencing present day viewers' perceptions of the series is the enormous amount of behind-the-scenes information that is now in the public domain. Any reasonably well-read fan is likely to have – if not consciously, then at least subconsciously – a sort of running commentary passing through his or her head while watching any given story. That first Dalek adventure, for instance, might well prompt thoughts such as: 'This was Chris Barry's debut as a *Doctor Who* director, wasn't it? The first episode was actually remounted between the third and the fourth, as talkback from the studio gallery could be heard on the soundtrack of the original recording. Oh look, there's the Thal city. That's an electronic inlay effect. The city model was built by Shawcraft. It was actually their second attempt; the first was based rather too literally on designer Ray Cusick's hurried sketch. Of course, Ray's most famous contribution to the series will be making its dramatic entrance at the end of this episode – but only in the form of sucker arm, pushed into shot from out of vision by assistant floor manager Michael Ferguson, who would also go on to direct the series in later years . . .'

Well, you get the point. This is not to suggest that having so much production information readily available is necessarily a bad thing. On the contrary, it can greatly enhance the appreciation and enjoyment of the series. (Well I would say that, wouldn't I?) But the viewer needs to be conscious that those who saw the stories on their original transmission were free of all such preconceptions and privileged insights, and experienced them in a completely different way.

Those who buy the video of The Face of Evil will already know the 'face' of the title is the Doctor's

Also of considerable relevance here are the many advances that have been made over the years in production techniques and technology. The black-and-white episodes were never thought of as such at the time; until the late sixties, black-and-white was all there was on UK television (and it would not be until the mid-seventies that a significant proportion of the population would be able to afford colour sets). Improvements in editing and other post-production facilities mean that viewers today are used to much slicker, pacier television drama than in the past. The possibilities for achieving spectacular and convincing visual effects have also increased enormously. All these developments can make *Doctor Who*, and particularly the earlier stories, seem somewhat slow or even amateurish by comparison, unless one is prepared to make appropriate allowances. A perennial issue for reviewers is whether to judge a story by present-day standards or by those of the time of production, and this can make a huge difference.

Then there is the fact that a story's concepts, characters, dialogue, design look and overall style of presentation can all appear somewhat dated to modern eyes and ears, often creating unintended impressions. The velvet-jacketed, frilly-shirted look of Jon Pertwee's Doctor, for instance, can now seem camp – as indeed can many other aspects of his era of the series – but that was certainly neither the aim nor the effect at the time.

Perhaps what all this boils down to is the thought that always occurs to me whenever I hear someone unfairly criticising or simply misconstruing a story that they never saw at the time of its original transmission: in order to appreciate it fully, you really had to be there. Then again, maybe that's not entirely fair – anyone, young or old, is free to watch *Doctor Who* as it always was, and always should be seen. So, come 5.15 next Saturday afternoon, why not pull the curtains, empty your mind of all preconceptions, slide *100,000 BC* in the VCR and watch *An Unearthly Child* alone – no more, no less. And *The Cave of Skulls* the week after, and *The Forest of Fear* the week after that . . .

Who knows, you may find yourself watching the show in a whole new light. DWM

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to Timelines, DWM, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UU, or e-mail us at **doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk** – marking your letter 'Timelines' in the subject line, and don't forget to include your full name. **No subscription or other general enquiries by e-mail, please.**

WHY CAN'T YOU . . . ?

After reading the article on home-made *Doctor Who* [*Why don't you . . . (just switch off your television set and go and make Doctor Who instead?)*, **DWM** 275], I would very much like to see the stories myself. Would it be possible to send me contact addresses for the makers of *The Last Oasis*, *Regeneration of the Daleks*, *The Reign of Turner* and *The Millennium Trap*?

Chris Pocock
via e-mail

*In response to Chris and the several hundred others who've been clogging up up the arteries of **DWM**'s high-tech communications network with the same request this month: sorry, but **no**. The feature spelled out very clearly the fact that, for copyright reasons, **DWM** can't possibly pass on details of how to obtain the tapes – publicly or privately – 'cos if we did, both us and the filmmakers concerned would end up starring in an all-too-real edition of* Crown Court *at a magistrates' hearing somewhere near you soon.* Why don't you . . . *was only ever intended to be a fun insight into what fans all over the country are doing on their weekends off – not a promotion! We do understand how enticing the tapes might sound, but we do hope you understand the reasons why we can't give out contact addresses. To anyone. At all. Ever.*

A LITTLE BIT OF POLITICS

In an otherwise excellent article about the Pertwee era [*The Third Man*, **DWM** 273], Andrew Pixley describes pre-1969 DW as lacking in secondary layers and in timely messages. I am shocked that Andrew could have written this. After all, didn't Kit Pedler create the Cybermen (from Earth's *twin planet* of Mondas) because he was worried that humanity was headed that way? Isn't *Planet of Giants* an ahead-of-its-time eco-themed tale as much as it is about people being shrunk? Plus, *The Daleks* can clearly be seen as a cautionary tale about nuclear war, and *The Aztecs* is in large part about how to handle cultural differences in a non-imperialist age. These are just a few examples. Andrew also writes that romance was not dealt with to any real degree before the Pertwee era. Somebody please explain to me why Susan left then . . .

Jim C Fung
via e-mail

UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN?

I was a little bit disturbed by the fact you mentioned that K9 would be making an appearance in the new Channel 4 Gay Drama series *Queer as Folk*.

The reason for this concern was due to the fact that I have children of my own. I know how many other *Doctor Who* fans have grown up with the series and now have children of their own, and I know my children, especially my oldest, have a fondness for K9, as we all did when we originally watched the series. To advertise the fact (give the information) that K9 would be appearing in a Gay Dramatisation would only get children's interest. Now I know the programme in question is shown late at night, after the watershed, but a curious child would in fact attempt to watch their favourite companion, which wouldn't be too difficult as many children now have TVs and video recorders in their bedrooms (I know I did).

I prevented my children from getting the information but, with a new string of younger fans brought about by the UK Gold repeats and

Queer as Folk: spot the *Who* fan (Vince, top)

videos, I am very much sickened by the fact that you obviously had no objection to kids getting this info. After all, isn't **DWM** for all to read? And if you were aware of the fact that K9 was going to appear, then you must have also been made aware of the programme's extreme language and sexual content.

However, as a practising Christian, I don't have a problem with gay people, in fact I know and communicate with people who are gay on a regular basis, so I imagine I would have been just as annoyed with yourselves if the programme was based on heterosexuals rather than homosexuals.

Mark Worgan
Southport, Merseyside

2001: A GRACE ODYSSEY

I was reading *Timelines* in **DWM** 275 and I came across Matthew Clancy's attack on *The Fallen*, and there's no way I can let such comments go by without some kind of counter-attack.

The Fallen is currently developing into the best **DWM** strip I can remember: the detailed characterisations, intriguing premise, the surprise guest star . . . who'd have thought a semi-sequel to the nonsense of the TV Movie 'Grace:1999' (my title!) could be so riveting?

And as for his comments about Martin Geraghty's artwork: well, in my humble opinion it is always superb. His likenesses are consistent (how can Martin's Izzy be unrecognisable when he created her visual image?), energetic, his panel layouts and character designs are often inspired. Just think of all the fantastic full-page cliffhangers he's pulled off, and what about the regeneration, eh?

Martin's fresh, dynamic expansive style is perfect for a science fantasy strip like *Doctor Who* (I'd kill to see him illustrate say, *Green Lantern* or *The Flash*) and if his work continues to progress as it has done then he's pretty soon going to top Dave Gibbons as the all-time great *DW* strip illustrator.

Well, that's what I think anyway . . .

Jim Smith
via e-mail

OUT WITH THE OLD?

This may sound nuts, but it really seems to me that one of the best things that ever happened to *Doctor Who* was it being taken off the air.

The results have been twofold: it transferred

OOH, YOU ARE AWFUL . . .

Why not liven up a dull afternoon by playing the marvellous '*Doctor Who* sitcoms' game I've just made up? All you have to do is imagine a comedy half-hour centred around *Doctor Who* people, places or things to be made by the Light Entertainment Department. So you might end up with titles like: *One Foot in the Gravitron*; *Last of the Summer Wirrn*; *Robin's Nestene*; *Old Mother Does 'Ave 'Em*; *Menoptera Behaving Badly*; *The Vicki of Dibber*; *Me and My Kraal*; *Terileptil & June*; *George and Hildred* . . .

And can you imagine the unbridled joy of settling down to watch another gag-packed instalment of *The Nerva Birds*, starring Nerys Hughes and Vira as two down-to-earth Liverpudlian girls slowly defrosting the human race?

Anthony K McCail
Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Staffs

"Eee, I'll go to the foot of our Solar Stacks," etc

Not that we're ever bored here at Marvel Towers, you understand – but we did take, ooh, minutes, to come up with: It Ain't Half Dortmun*;* Hilio! Hilio!*;* Sutekh and Son*;* Whatever Happened to the TARDIS HADS?*;* Prentis Hancock's Half Hour*;* Only Rills and Hordas*; and* The Fresh Prince of Bellal. *But I'm sure you, lovely readers, can do far, far better . . .*

'production' to some extremely talented fans; and it allowed the series to grow, experiment and explore far more than the constraints of television would ever allow.

Say what you will about the *New Adventures*, love 'em or hate 'em they breathed a new form of life into the good Doctor. You may dislike this new form of life, and find it devoid of everything that you associated with *Doctor Who*, but this isn't the first time that fandom resisted change in their favourite Gallifreyan renegade. We look at all those who blasted the now highly regarded Season Fourteen as if they were the old woman from the Tribe of Gum telling us in the good old days, they didn't need fire. But are the throngs of people who had fits on reading *Transit* so different?

. . . and then came the big news [*BBC approves new Doctor Who audio plays: Gallifrey Guardian*, **DWM** 275]. Knowing Gary Russell, I've got high hopes that this unarguably canonical *Doctor Who* will integrate itself with the rest of vaguely canonical nineties *Who*. My point is that *Who* has grown far more in the nineties *because* of its absence from our screens. This leads me to the question: should it ever come back on a regular basis?

Sure, I'd love to see a new TV Movie once a year, but that's about it. While it's off the screens and in the hands of talented fans *Doctor Who* as an entity is far safer than with some television producer who may or may not even like the show.

Yes, they cancelled *Doctor Who* as a series nearly ten years ago. We never had it so good.

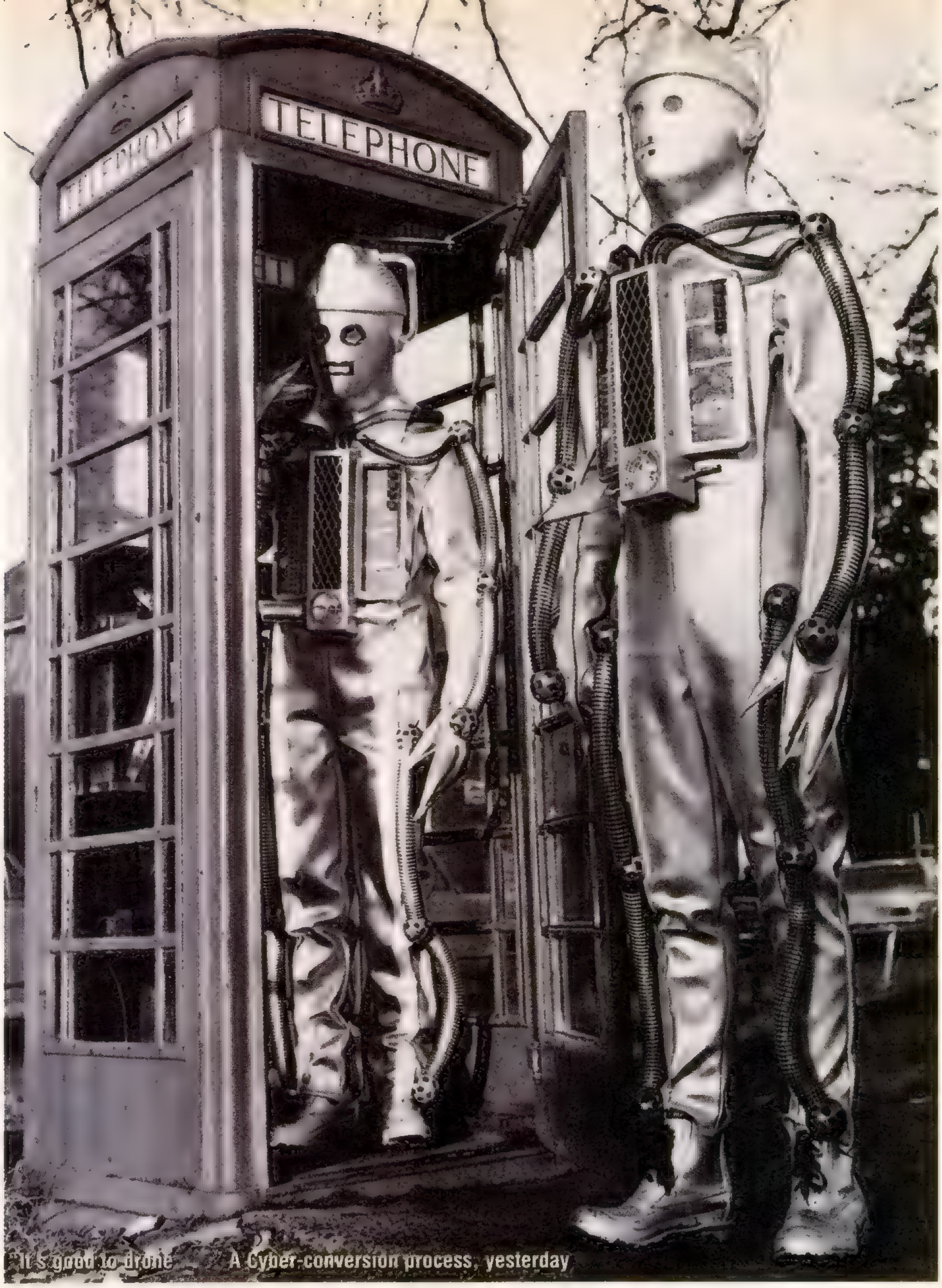
Tzvi Lebetkin
via e-mail

Although your magazine has an excellent comic strip and the occasional good article I am not impressed with the lack of 'new' material. Frankly if *Doctor Who* is ever to return to our screens it will have to be greatly updated, not clinging to the aged and, at some points, laughable original series. TV has moved on a lot since then and although it was a masterpiece of its time the universe needs to become less like *Wormwood* and a lot more like *The Fallen*. It needs to show a grim reality like *Blade Runner*, not a happy-go-lucky, good-guys-always-win universe of Walt Disney.

You must not depart from the original series but you need to look at modern *Who*, perhaps a section on the technology of the series – the TARDIS, Dalek Kill-cruisers, the Cyber-conversion process etc. Even a chapter or two of a novel each month. At the moment your magazine is full of features for the 'oldies' – people who were there at the time. No new readers are going to want to read eight-page *Archive* reports on *The Visitation* then five pages on *Battlefield*, four pages of telesnaps and five pages on the various books written by Terrance Dicks. If you do not dump some of this old series filler with new, creative, articles your magazine will die with the small section of fans dedicated to the old series.

I don't want to end on a sour note but your magazine does need some creative flair rather than 22 pages of reflection on a 30 year-old TV programme. If a new series is to be made it needs the support of magazines like yours to create a positive image of the programme, not constant reminders of how dated the series seems now. You will find very little of the sixties series of *Star Trek* featured in an *Insurrection* magazine.

Jamie Townes
via e-mail



We've said it before, and we'll say it again: there's an awful lot of Doctor Who *out there. Moreover,* ***DWM*** *has one of the most diverse readerships of any newsstand magazine – yes, we do have those who've been with us for the whole 20 years since our Fantastic First Issue, but we have just as many who first 'got into'* Doctor Who *with* The Five Doctors, *with* Time and the Rani, *with the BSB screenings, with the* New Adventures, *with the TV Movie . . . And while it's true to say that all those subsets of readers tend to be particularly fond of one Doctor – one* Doctor Who *– above all others, we've not encountered many readers quite so antipathetic towards 'classic' TV* Doctor Who *before.*

The ***DWM*** *'mix' is a careful blend – generally speaking, we aim to include three major features covering one of the series' four decades (sixties, seventies, eighties and nineties) in every issue. A number of readers have accused us of neglecting the original novels in the past, and we've taken steps to rectify this: whereas we used to limit ourselves to one catch-all feature of the* New Adventures *every year, since* ***DWM*** *265 we've run five substantial features covering the books.*

We hope to increase our coverage further still with the new-look ***DWM*** *coming just the issue after next – not to mention the features we have planned on Big Finish's new audio plays, for example, or our exclusive on-set interviews with the stars of the recent Comic Relief adventure,* The Curse of Fatal Death.

Yes, new Doctor Who *is growing all the time. But every UK Gold screening, every video release of the 'old' show is new to someone, too – our next correspondent, for example . . .*

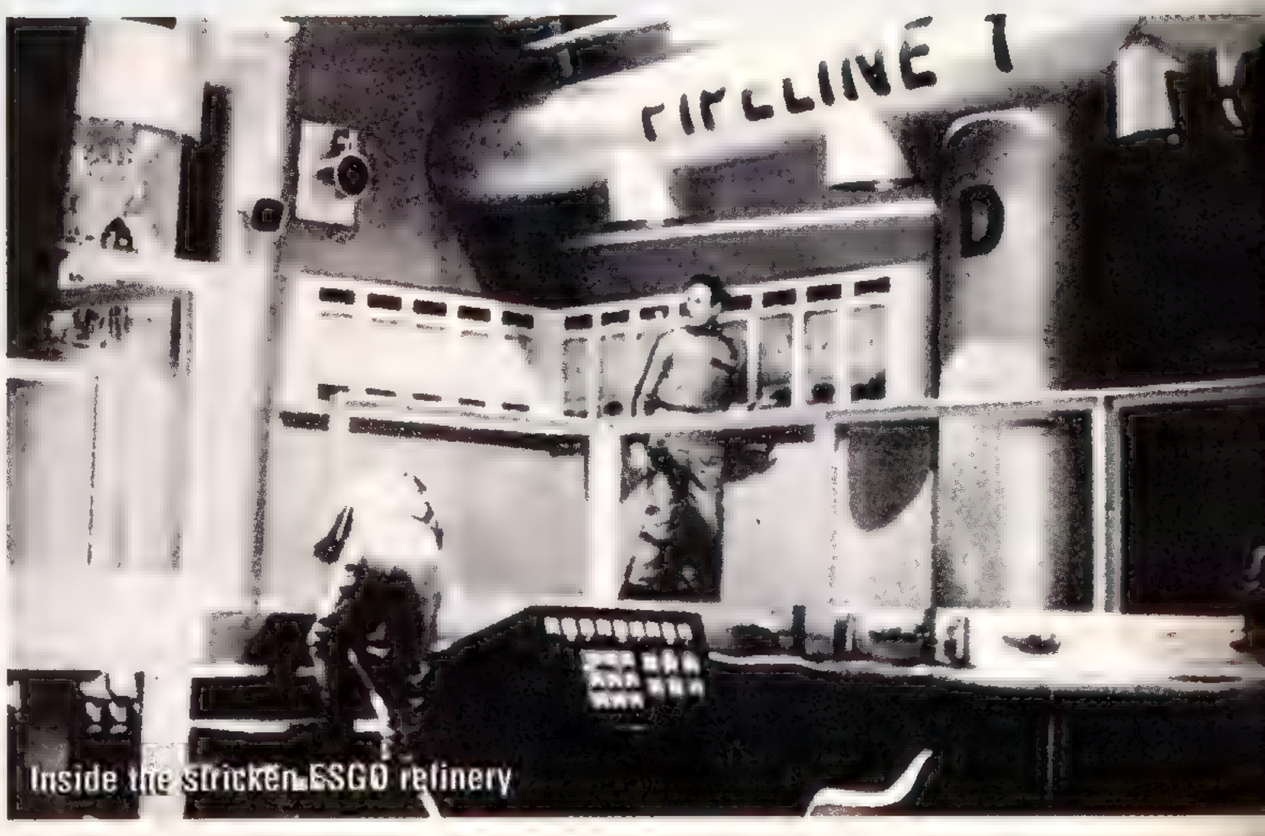
I'm confused. For years, I've been reading about how bad *Nightmare of Eden* is – tacky, stupid, bad acting and the like. The story I have just watched was perfectly respectable, full of reasonable acting, acceptable special effects and a reasonable script. Lewis Fiander [Tryst] may have put on a weird accent but never went over the top and Tom Baker's performance was perfectly tolerable! Is there another version of *Nightmare of Eden* that I've never seen? Or is it just a bit better than I've always been led to believe?

Paul Tapner
Poole, Dorset

See? Every episode of Doctor Who *is still someone's first; every issue of* ***DWM*** *is someone's first.* Doctor Who *is now so big that* ***DWM*** *can't possibly be everything to all its readers all the time – but we do hope that when we do cover each reader's personal favourites, then our reporting is absolutely the very best there is on the subject in hand. Stay with us, Tzvi and Jamie – fans of all sorts of* Doctor Who *are welcome in our gang.*

FURY FROM TH

Something unutterably strange and nasty bubbles up from deep beneath the murky North Sea . . . Andrew Pixley investigates a cult favourite from the horror-influenced Season Five.



Inside the stricken ESGO refinery

EPISODE 1

The TARDIS materialises on the sea; the Doctor, Jamie and Victoria come ashore in a rubber dinghy. The Doctor guesses they are in England, and the trio find a mass of foam on the beach. They then see a pipeline for ESGO – Euro Sea Gas – which the Doctor opens with his sonic screwdriver; he has just heard a heartbeat sound from within when the trio are shot down.

The Doctor's party recover from being tranquillised in the Euro Sea Gas refinery control hall where the man in charge, John Robson, questions them them over their presence in a restricted area. The travellers are locked in a cabin by Robson's aide, Harris, who explains that, out at sea, contact has been lost with Rig D, and the gas pressure has dropped; they believe the Doctor to be responsible. The Doctor tells Harris about the strange noise and suggests closing down the gas flow – something Robson would never allow.

There is another pressure fall, and Harris persuades Robson to consider his analysis of the recent phenomenon; however, a gloved hand has removed Harris' papers and placed them in his quarters under a piece of seaweed. Harris meets his wife, Maggie, and asks her to get the file, which he believes he left at home. Back at the flat, Maggie is stung by the seaweed, and throws it out onto the patio. Soon, she is feeling ill.

Dutch consultant Van Lutyens annoys Robson when he, too, recommends caution. On the Control Rig, Chief Baxter reports a pulsating sound in the pipes. The Doctor's party escape from the cabin and investigate. Victoria hides in the oxygen storeroom, where she finds herself trapped; a masked saboteur wearing gloves opens the room's vents – and a mass of foam and weed spews forth . . .

EPISODE 2

Hearing Victoria's screams, the Doctor and Jamie open the storeroom only to find that the weed and foam have vanished via the grille. Van Lutyens arrives, remarking that the room was full of gas and the oxygen tanks have been sabotaged. When the gas pumps slow, the Doctor suggests checking the system, but Robson again refuses, arguing again with Van Lutyens.

Maggie is now quite ill, affected by the seaweed pulsing on the patio. She is resting when two maintenance controllers, Mr Oak and Mr Quill, arrive ostensibly to inspect the gas cooker; it is clear that the two sinister men are infected by the weed. They enter Maggie's bedroom and exhale toxic gas until she collapses. Harris enlists the Doctor to examine his wife; when they arrive with Jamie and Victoria they find Maggie unconscious in the gas-filled room. Victoria sees the clump of weed move.

Robson vents the pipes to release the pressure as contact with Rig C is lost. The Chief Engineer reports that something is jamming the main impeller, and Van Lutyens demands an inspection of the shaft. As Robson again scoffs at the Dutchman, the heartbeat is heard. Van Lutyens whispers: "It's down there . . . in the darkness . . . in the pipeline . . . waiting."

EPISODE 3

The Doctor takes the seaweed sample back to the TARDIS for investigation; Harris has forgotten that he is supposed to be supervising them. They leave Maggie in the flat, not noticing a weed-like formation growing on her arm. In a tank in the TARDIS laboratory, the weed comes to life, feeding off natural gas. On returning to the Harrises' flat, they find that Maggie has gone – and the rooms are now full of the foam and weed.

The heartbeat stops, and Robson orders the technicians to get the impeller working again. Robson berates Harris for losing his prisoners, again refuses Van Lutyens'

E DEEP

Victoria (Deborah Watling), the Doctor (Patrick Troughton) and Jamie (Frazer Hines) find a mysterious pipeline

advice and goes to rest in his cabin. While he is there, Oak secures the door, opens the vents and pumps in foam, weed and gas. Robson is released by Harris, who hears his screams. Meanwhile, Van Lutyens has been persuading Harris and the Chief Engineer to shut down the refinery, and wants Harris to take command. Harris contacts the Board Headquarters in London, asking to speak to Megan Jones.

Arriving in the Control Hall, the Doctor warns Harris about this intelligent, parasitic seaweed. Harris sets out to search for Maggie; Robson has also gone missing. On the beach, Maggie and Robson meet; all is going to plan. Maggie turns and walks out into sea until the waves engulf her . . .

EPISODE 4

Contact is lost with Rig A as the heartbeat emanates again from the jammed impeller. Despite the Doctor's warnings, Van Lutyens decides to descend into the shaft on a lift platform and investigate; he is soon overcome by the weed's lashing tendrils and dragged under. The Chief Engineer hears Van Lutyens' screams and brings the platform back up; the Doctor and Jamie go down to help the stricken Dutchman. Victoria waits for them at the top of the shaft with two technicians – Oak and Quill . . .

The weed attacks the Doctor and Jamie, who flee up a ladder when the platform fails to operate. At the top of the shaft they find Victoria gone; Jamie starts searching for her. Megan Jones arrives, disbelieving the actions of the generally reliable Robson and the accounts of weed monsters. Reports come in that the three silent rigs are covered in foam and weed. Robson bursts in on the meeting, obviously in a state of severe confusion; the Doctor is certain he has been infected. Jamie finds Victoria locked up in the pipeline room; she is extremely distressed about the continual perils she finds herself in. Contact with the Control Rig is lost. The weed is aiming to form a colony over the British Isles; the Doctor and

Ship to shore . . .

the crew watch as the impeller shaft fills with foam and weed . . .

EPISODE 5

With Rig B now out of contact, the Doctor considers the weed's strategy; it is absorbing the knowledge of infected people like Robson, and the sabotage in the oxygen room suggests that oxygen is lethal to it. Quill and Oak exhaust the oxygen supplies, but their involvement in recent events is soon realised. Jamie pursues the men – and, although Oak escapes, he captures Quill, who is suddenly weakened when Victoria screams.

The disturbed Robson is located in his cabin, but Megan's attempts to reason with him are futile. Robson escapes, kidnapping Victoria under cover of the chaos which erupts when the foam and weed burst out in the pipeline area. Stealing a helicopter, Robson takes Victoria out to the Control Rig. The Doctor and Jamie follow in a second helicopter and are lowered onto the foam-covered rig. Lured on by Victoria's cries, the pair enter a room full of weed and foam. From its midst, Robson advances: "Come in Doctor, we've been waiting for you . . ."

EPISODE 6

Controlled by the weed, Robson tells the Doctor that the "human planet" will be conquered [*see panel*]. Jamie manages to rescue Victoria; her screams weaken Robson. The trio flee the rig in Robson's helicopter; the Doctor is fed instructions on how to fly by the other 'copter's pilot. They return to the refinery, informing Megan and Harris that sound will defeat the weed; noise can be fed down the pipeline to the nerve centre of the Control Rig. The foam bursts out of the impeller room, threatening to engulf the personnel, but the Doctor constructs a sonic device and is able to use Victoria's amplified screams to force back the torrent of foam and weed. Contact is re-established with the Control Rig, where Maggie Harris and Robson are no longer infected. The weed has been defeated.

After a party at the Harrises', Victoria tearfully tells Jamie and the Doctor that she does not wish to travel on with them. With the refinery back to normal, the Harrises tell Victoria that she can stay with them. Next morning, Victoria watches sadly as the Doctor and Jamie sail out to the TARDIS. Via the TARDIS scanner, Jamie and the Doctor see her waving figure recede as the TARDIS departs . . .

"The mind does not exist!"

On the Control Rig, Jamie and the Doctor face the mutating Robson across a foam-filled cabin

ROBSON You are going to help with the conquest of the human planet.
DOCTOR Listen to me, Robson. Don't you realise what they've done to you? They're trying to control your mind, man!
ROBSON The mind does not exist. It is tired. It is dead. It is obsolete. Only our new masters can offer us life.
DOCTOR Matter will never conquer mind. It's against the law of nature.
ROBSON The living body does not exist. Soon we shall all be one.

From Fury from the Deep
Episode 6
by Victor Pemberton

Preparing to open the pipeline box

In Production

Writer Victor Pemberton first attempted to pitch a *Doctor Who* serial during the programme's second season; his submitted script, *The Slide*, was rejected by story editor David Whitaker on Thursday 24 September 1964, who noted it to be "rather a stewpot of all the other science fiction serials we have ever done, with bits of Nigel Kneale scattered about [presumably a reference to writer Kneale's fifties Quatermass serials]. I don't think the dialogue is very good and I am quite sure it is not right for *Doctor Who*." However, Pemberton had also submitted the same story idea as a stand-alone non-*Doctor Who* serial to BBC Radio on Monday 17 August; this version of *The Slide* – which concerned a form of parasitic mud taking over people in an English new town – was commissioned by script editor Peter Bryant and made in 1966.

In January 1967, now acting in order to supplement his fledgling career as a writer, Pemberton renewed his contact with *Doctor Who* by appearing as Jules in *The Moonbase*. Bryant was now *Doctor Who*'s trailing producer and story editor, and when he was temporarily made producer of *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, Pemberton was given a three-month trial as story editor; his only formal credit was for the Cybermen story.

Pemberton was not happy in this role, wanting instead to write his own material. Having left as story editor in summer 1967, he suggested a storyline to Bryant based on *The Slide*; Bryant, who had liked the radio serial, had already investigated the possibility of its adaptation for television. However, this time Pemberton wanted the threatening force to be natural gas, then being developed as a new fuel for Britain; part of the inspiration for this was a gas leak which had occurred on the surface of the North Sea. Like *The Slide*'s mud, the gas was a force from within the Earth, and the concept of the world being destroyed when technology released something from deep inside it fascinated Pemberton. North Sea gas was then being pumped into people's homes, which gave an added level of fear. The force would also manifest itself as seaweed, which Pemberton disliked for its slimy touch and sinister shape (his feelings would be voiced by Victoria during Episode 2, when she describes the seaweed as "slimy and horrid"). The idea for the seaweed's heartbeat came from Edgar Allan Poe's classic horror story *The Tell-tale Heart*.

Bryant commissioned Pemberton to write a six-part serial titled *Doctor Who and the Colony of Devils* on Thursday 5 October 1967; this was duly scheduled as Serial QQ for production between December 1967 and February 1968, and Pemberton's target delivery date was Friday 10 November. Episode 1 of *The Colony of Devils* was delivered on Wednesday 18 October, followed by Episode 2 on Monday 30 and Episode 3 on Thursday 2 November.

There were a number of differences between Pemberton's storyline and what emerged on screen. In Episode 1, the TARDIS was to land on a cliff's edge, and its crew were forced to climb down to the beach. The setting was England, but some years into the future, when the entire country was to be powered by natural gas; the near-future setting was echoed in the script's inclusion of 'videolinks' and elements such as "a modernistic telephone". Episode 2 noted that two strange engineers, Oak and Swan, arrive at the refinery. Here, Maggie tells Harris that she wants to see the Doctor, who is curious as to how Maggie knows of his presence; by the time the Doctor and Harris reach Maggie, she appears to be dead. When the rigs at sea fail to answer to the refinery at the episode's climax, Lutyens (later Van Lutyens) again asks Robson to stop the gas flow; when Robson refuses, the cliffhanger has Lutyens branding Robson a murderer.

Episode 3's synopsis specified that the seaweed draws life from the natural gas to become a monster which breathes poisonous fumes; its climax emphasised that Maggie is becoming a seaweed creature as she waits by the shoreline. The Episode 4 sequence in which Lutyens goes missing in the pipeline was written by Pemberton to convey his own fear of being sucked down into quicksand (again, echoing *The Slide*'s mud).

There was an entirely different subplot bridging Episodes 4 and 5. During Episode 4, it is stated that the seaweed creature can pump its lethal gas through the pipelines to anywhere in the country. An important conference is taking place

SCRIPTING THE WEED

The weed menace was described in various ways throughout the scripts. Episode 1's climax had it as "a mass of foam ... in the midst of which we see the tendrils of the weed creature, waving and weaving. This is accompanied by the heart-beat sound and the hissing and popping previously heard." Its effect on Oak and Swan was outlined in Episode 2, where "We see Oak's hands as a formation of weed begins to appear down the sleeve of his white coat". In Episode 3, Maggie's infection has "a frond-like weed formation [growing] down her exposed hand"; she later has "a small formation of hair-like weed on her neck and face". The weed sample analysed by the Doctor in Episode 3 has its tendrils hanging "menacingly over the edge of the tank covered in foam"

near the refinery, and the cliffhanger was to be a race against time for the Doctor and his companions to turn off the refinery's supply and thus prevent the VIPs at the conference from being gassed. At the start of Episode 5, the Doctor, Jamie and Victoria arrive to discover that they are too late; the only person left alive is Swan, now almost a complete seaweed creature. Jamie attacks Swan, and Victoria's screams kill the infected man. All the rigs (bar the Control Rig) are now covered by the weed. When the engineers halt the gas flow, the weed creatures plan to attack the refinery. Robson captures Victoria and takes her to sea by boat, with the Doctor and Jamie following in a helicopter, only to discover that the Control Rig's crew are all weed creatures. In Episode 6, the Doctor sends Jamie back to the TARDIS to fetch some sonic sound generating apparatus, telling him to bring his bagpipes – if the weed attacks Jamie *en route*, he can play the pipes to keep it at bay.

Episode 1's script noted that Victoria is "now dressed in a more contemporary outfit"; she comments on how they have landed on Earth again (after the three previous stories, *The Abominable Snowmen*, *The Ice Warriors* and *The Enemy of the World*). The beach scenes involving the foam were truncated in editing; where the Doctor (referred to in the scripts as Doctor Who) opens up a natural gas pipeline, Pemberton's script indicated that he "takes from his pocket something which looks like his own version of a screwdriver". At this point, the character manning the communications cone at the Feed HQ refinery was 'Blake'.

Although there was no description of Chief John Robson, his subordinate Harris was "a young man in his late twenties, weak-looking. A cultured voice in complete contrast to his chief"; his wife Maggie was simply "a young woman, in her late twenties". Megan Jones, introduced in Episode 4, was described as "Chairman of the Refinery Board . . . She is Welsh, fortyish, and quite attractive in a hard sort of way. At most times she is brusque to the point of rudeness, always in complete command of everything and everyone around her." Pemberton was particularly pleased with Oak and Swan, the infected maintenance engineers; the duo were intended to be an evil version of the Hollywood double-act of Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, whom Pemberton had known from their tour of England.

After Pemberton had discussed his initial concept of seaweed creatures, the production team, in conjunction with Jack Kine of the Visual Effects department, suggested that the weed should be active inside a mass of foam, allowing the BBC further use of its foam generating machine (as per *The Abominable Snowmen*); this was referred to on Thursday 18 January, before production began, in a *Radio Times* article headed *The Monstrous World of Doctor Who*. Pemberton rationalised the foam as being similar to cuckoo-spit, with the weed surrounding itself in the lather it produces.

The script for Episode 2 originally featured an additional character, the Piston Engineer, whose dialogue was ultimately given to the Chief Engineer. Pemberton outlined new TARDIS facilities where the Doctor examines the weed inside

"The risky thing was with the children – how far could we go with the horror?"

Victor Pemberton

Frazer Hines and girlfriend Susan George meet local children on location at Margate's Palm Bay

the spaceship in Episode 3: "He pushes a button. Lights fade into near darkness as a flap on the wall reveals a projector screen . . . He presses another button and the microscope slide appears on the screen."

During scripting, it was decided to drop *The Colony of Devils* back by one story (becoming Serial RR), and bring *The Web of Fear* forward in its place due to the popularity of the Yeti in *The Abominable Snowmen*. This decision was taken during the second week of November and formalised as Episode 4 was delivered on Monday 13 November. Episodes 5 and 6 were then delivered on Thursday 16 and Wednesday 22 November respectively.

The script for Episode 5 indicated that Jamie was to knock Swan out with a "McCrimond punch", simultaneously giving a clan war cry – whereupon the "fern-like fronds" protruding from Swan's sleeves retract. A continuity reference back to *The Enemy of the World* was inserted where the Doctor pilots the helicopter in Episode 6 ("Remember Astrid Ferrier?" he says. "I watched her operate one of these.")

Changes had taken place at the production office by the time the scripts were delivered. Following his trial period, Bryant was now the series' producer, with Derrick Sherwin replacing him as story editor. *The Colony of Devils'* director was now Hugh David, a former actor who had handled *The Highlanders* late in 1966. Neither David nor Sherwin liked the serial; Sherwin was unhappy with the overall storyline, the black comedy double-act of Oak and Swan and the material with Jamie and his bagpipes. The climax was therefore rewritten to emphasise Victoria's screams – an in-joke, since the character's frequent shrieking had earned actress Deborah Watling the nickname 'Leatherlungs'.

New to the job, Sherwin spent Christmas 1967 rewriting the first few episodes of *The Colony of Devils*. An additional necessary change was the writing-out of Victoria; both Watling and Frazer Hines, who played Jamie, had been contracted on Friday 22 December to appear in the 12 episodes comprising *The Web of Fear* and *The Colony of*

THE SLIDE

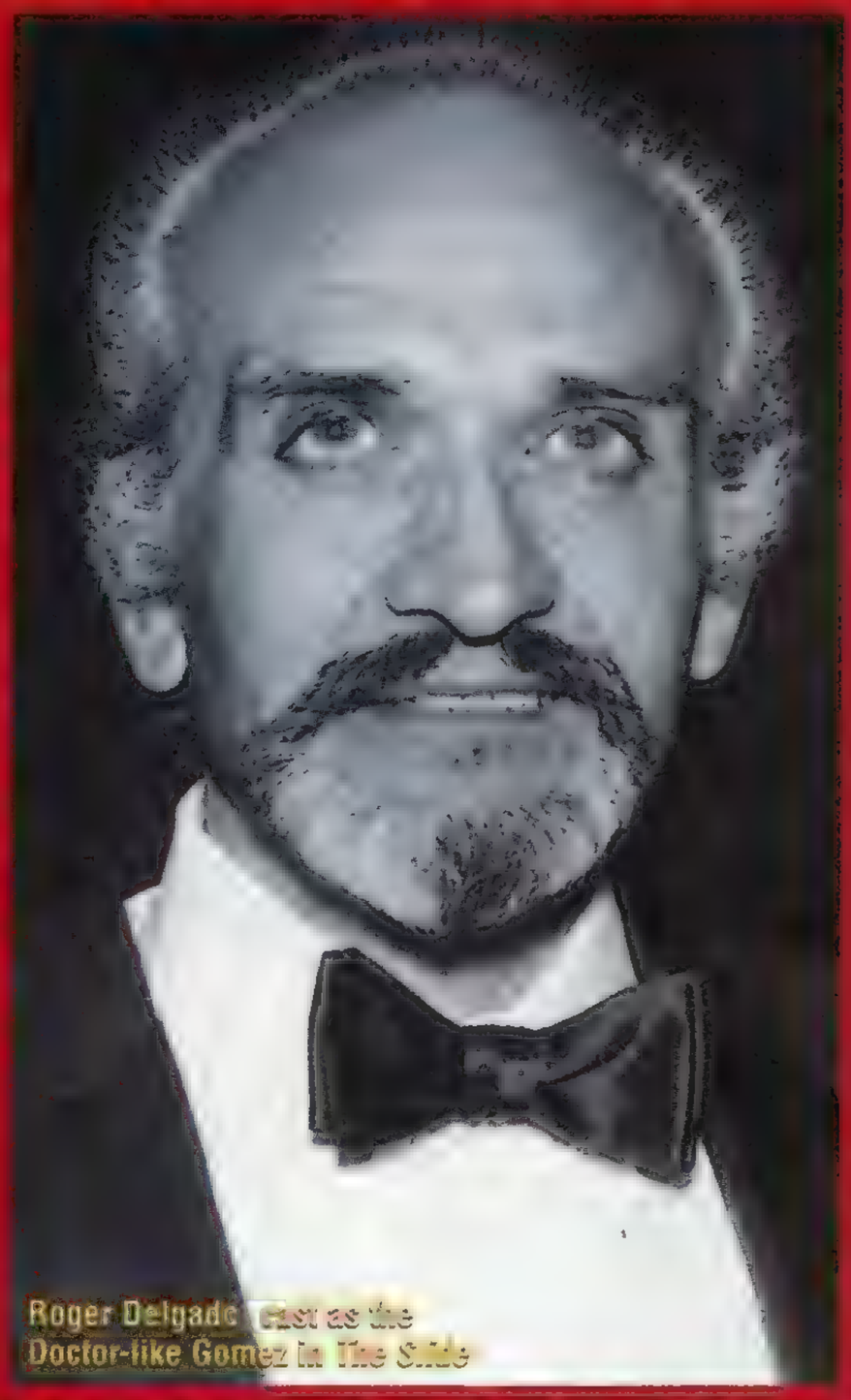
Fury From the Deep was derived from *The Slide*, a 1966 BBC Radio serial by the same author, Victor Pemberton – but featuring mutant mud, not seaweed. Andrew Pixley investigates . . .

EPISODE 1 MOMENT OF SILENCE

Redlow New Town, a 'space age' conurbation is caught in an earth tremor. At the same time schoolteacher Janet Marshall collapses and her fiance, Dr Ken Richards, discovers a large crack in Hollymill Lane. Hugh Deverill MP calls in Professors Robert Landers and John Lippert who say that they need the help of Chilean seismologist Professor Joseph Gomez. Deverill grudgingly summons Gomez, whose politics he dislikes. Gomez found a similar fissure in the Channel some years ago. That night, Ken and Inspector Baxter find the town drunk Ted in some sort of trance; farmer's wife Mary Wilson is also acting strangely. At the crack, Ted escapes from Baxter and Ken, and the men watch a slide of mud ooze from the fissure . . .

EPISODE 2 DOWN CAME A BLACKBIRD

Green mud emerges bubbling like lava, solidifying as dawn breaks. Farmer 'Tug' Wilson and Ken discover dead wildlife in the Hollymill Lane area, and Mrs Luke recalls Ted wandering by the crack. Further tremors hit the Lake District and Scotland; in Redlow Hospital, Janet mumbles incoherently about "light". Pushing Gomez's team for a solution, Deverill leaves for London; his young wife, Anna Deverill, tells Gomez that their marriage is failing. An RAF team are unable to stem the corrosive mud flow. That night, Tug and Ken are approached by Sorenson, a potholer whose two colleagues have been involved in an accident at Holly Crag Caves. Reaching the potholers, Ken hears how Ted has fallen over a precipice. Looking over the edge, Ken and 'Tug' see the seething mud . . .



Roger Delgado cast as the Doctor-like Gomez in *The Slide*

EPISODE 3 ANALYSIS

Baxter seals the caves, and Ken puzzles over how the elderly Ted could climb into the tunnels. The mud solidifies again, and a sample taken by Lippert has swollen to three times its original size. Ken arrives at the local school, where Gomez is using the laboratories, telling him that the dead wildlife was asphyxiated. Ken visits Janet, who is afraid of sunlight and of sleeping; 'Tug' says Mary is behaving the same way. Deverill returns from London, acting oddly; he cares little for the town or its people. Shutting out the daylight, he gives a press interview, guaranteed to upset Gomez. Anna has become interested in Gomez, a remote figure following the death of his wife. Gomez believes the mud to be a destructive force from the Channel. Lippert discovers that it grows in its liquid state. In the lab, Landers applies heat to the sample. There is an explosion . . .

EPISODE 4 HEART-BEAT

The sea of mud now threatens the Wilsons' cottage, but Mary insists they stay. Gomez believes the organic mud is escaping to the Earth's surface, but advises against revealing his findings at present. Anna tells Gomez that Hugh is sitting in a darkened room, ignoring calls to emergency meetings; Hugh accuses her of having an affair with Gomez. Gomez's team discover a heartbeat in the mud sample – and when Hugh ignores Gomez's warning, the seismologist walks out. Ken Richards hears that Janet and seven other patients have gone missing from hospital, and Mrs Luke sees Janet with Mary Wilson by the old Dutch Mill. Mrs Luke accompanies Ken to the mill where they find Janet on a landing stage near a mud flow . . .

EPISODE 5 DANGER POINT

Five mud flows threaten Redlow and the Centre-Heights apartment block. Baxter and the RAF men seal the caves with explosives. Mrs Luke is driving Janet to the hospital when Janet forces the car off the road and escapes with the other missing patients. At

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Victor Pemberton based his storyline for *The Slide* on his own fear of earthquakes; in the opening episode, he has Dr Ken Richards voice this while examining the crack which has appeared in Hollymill Lane.

Many elements of the serial re-emerged in *Fury From the Deep*. The backdrop of a modern 'new town' (suggesting a near-future setting) close to the English Channel is akin to the shoreline gas refinery. The opening clifftop scene where the natural world's silence is noticed is echoed in *Fury*'s shoreline scenes. Hugh Deverill MP, the proud architect of Redlow who refuses to abandon his creation and falls under the mud's control, became Robson. Welsh Home Office official Margaret Griffiths, who attempts to talk sense into former friend Deverill, was reworked to become Megan Jones. Well-meaning local GP Dr Ken Richards, the voice of reason, and his fiancée, infected and then missing schoolteacher Janet Marshall, evolved into the Harrises. The Doctor is represented by the slightly mysterious Professor Josef Gomez, a Chilean expert in seismic activity who reasons how the menace threatening first Redlow and then the world can be defeated. Gomez is a dedicated pacifist who admits scientific curiosity ("My work is where science takes me – there are no boundaries") and has no hatred in him, which is for "non-thinkers".

The anthropomorphised natural menace in *The Slide* is a form of mud, which became *Fury From the Deep*'s weed; both have an ancient heritage (Gomez refers to 12th century manuscripts, and there are Neolithic carvings in Holly Crag Caves). Both substances can move and emit a heartbeat; the mud kills by asphyxia, whereas the weed exhales toxic gas. In both cases, infected persons enter a trance-like state; both evils are defeated by natural elements (light and sound respectively).

The scene in which Gomez and his associates examine a mud sample in the school's aquarium was reworked to become the TARDIS scene in *Fury From the Deep* Episode 3. The mud's emergence from the fissure at the end of *The Slide* Episode 1 is mirrored by the weed in the impeller shaft in *Fury From the Deep* Episode 4, while the exploration of Holly Crag Caves and the search for Janet near the mill mutated into the material set in the ESCC impeller shaft and the Doctor and Jamie's search for the unfortunate Van Lutyens.

Early in 1966, *The Slide* was recorded an episode per day from Tuesday 1 to Thursday 3 February, then between Monday 7 and Thursday 10 February. Maurice Denham, an actor famous for his radio comedy roles, starred as Deverill; Denham would later feature in 1984's *The Twin Dilemma* and 1993 BBC Radio serial *The Paradise of Death*. Interestingly, the 'Doctor' character, Gomez, was portrayed by Roger Delgado, another seasoned radio actor – who, four years later, would be cast as the Doctor's arch-enemy, the Master. David Spenser, Pemberton's long-time friend and partner, played Richards; the following year, he appeared as Thonmi in *The Abominable Snowmen*.

Each instalment opened with harsh, discordant electronic tones which segued into the heartbeat-like sound of the mud; this was created by Brian Hodgson of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop, who multi-tracked the sound of a heel squeaking on lino (the sound was used several times in *Doctor Who* – for the Nestene in *Spearhead From Space*, for example). In addition to music from the Workshop, a Library recording of *The Snetzler Organ: Voluntary in D Set* was heard in Episode 4.

On Tuesday 8 February, the BBC was contacted by American film producer Milton Subotsky, the man behind Aaru's two Peter Cushing-starring *Doctor Who* movies, who enquired about the possibility of obtaining the movie rights to *The Slide* for Amicus Productions Ltd. The movie never materialised and *The Slide* entered the visual medium as *Fury From the Deep*. The finished serial was broadcast on the BBC Light Programme between 7.00 and 7.30pm on successive Sunday evenings between 13 February and 27 March 1966.

a press conference, Deverill explains these events are caused by man's evil, and that darkness is the giver of life. After this insane tirade, Gomez confirms that the mud is a multiplying, living killer. While Deverill goes berserk before the reporters, Baxter attempts to get the Wilsons to leave their cottage before the mud crushes it. Inside, 'Tug' is convinced by Mary that Baxter is lying as their home is destroyed by the mud.

EPISODE 6 TIME LIMIT

Redlow is now a major disaster area, and its evacuation begins. Baxter reluctantly agrees to take Lippert into the sewers that the mud has been spilling out of; there, they find the missing patients. Gomez and Richards realise that there is a hypnotic link between the mud and the weakened people it controls; the mud destroys human life by inducing suicides, making people throw themselves into it. Margaret Griffiths of the Home Office arrives to reason with her old friend Deverill – but after Maggie has gone, Hugh attempts to throttle Anna before fleeing. On hearing of the people in the sewers, Richards demands that Lippert takes him to find Janet; in the darkness, the mud uses the helpless Janet to lure the doctor towards its flow.

EPISODE 7 OUT OF THE DARKNESS

Unable to rescue Janet, Lippert and Richards struggle back to the town square. More people have fallen under the mud's influence, stumbling towards the town square; the crazed Deverill attacks an RAF sentry. Gomez and Landers realise that sunlight solidifies the mud and theorise that infra-red light from xenon discharge lamps could be used on the mud when it is vulnerable at sunset, destroying the mud's underground nerve centre. The equipment is erected in the square, where the five mud spills will meet and destroy the town. At sunset, the hypnotised people advance, including Deverill. The lamps are activated, shrivelling the mud and breaking the influence on Janet and the others. The only fatality is Deverill. Gomez says goodbye to Anna, wondering how they will combat the menace the next time . .

CAST **Maurice Denham** *Hugh Deverill, MP* and **Roger Delgado** *Josef Gomez* with **Elizabeth Proud** *Janet Marshall* [1-3,5], **David Spenser** *Dr Ken Richards*, **Stephen Jack** *'Tug' Wilson* [1-5], **Marion Mathie** *Anna Deverill*, **Wilfred Babbage** *Police Sergeant/Sergeant Johnson* [1,5-7]†, **Geoffrey Matthews** *Inspector Baxter*, **Miriam Margolyes** *Mrs Wilson* [1,3-5], **Anthony Jackson** *Constable* [1]*, **Rolf Lefevre** *Professor Landers*, **Allan McClelland** *Professor Lippert*, **Nigel Graham** *Newscaster* [1]*, **Noel Hood** *Mrs Luke* [2,4-6], **Eva Haddon** *Nursing Sister* [2-5], **Fraser Kerr** *Sorenson* [2-3], **Anthony Hall** *RAF Corporal* [2-7], **Glyn Dearman** Barry [2], **Patricia Leventon** *Nurse* [3]*, **Nigel Graham** *AC2 Gibbons* [3]*, **Michael Kilgarriff** *Dr Robeson* [5]*, **Anthony Jackson** *First journalist* [5]*, **Hector Ross** *Second journalist* [5]*, **Brian Hewlett** *Third journalist* [5]*, **Peter Marinker** *American journalist* [5]*, **Noel Howlett** *Vicar* [5]*, **Anthony Jackson** *Pilot* [6]*, **Brian Hewlett** *Ground Control* [6]*, **Joan Matheson** *Margaret Griffiths MP* [6-7], **Henry Stamper** *TV Interviewer* [7].

†Billed as 'Police Sergeant' on Episode 1 and 'Sergeant Johnson' on Episodes 5 to 7

*Credited on the programme as 'other parts played by members of the BBC Drama Repertory Company'

CREDITS *Written by* **Victor Pemberton**. *Special effects by the* **BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Produced by* **John Tydeman**.

FURY FROM THE DEEP

Devils, but around now Watling announced her intention to depart in the new year and return to the theatre. The actress had only intended to spend a year on the series, and gave three months' notice; this caused consternation for the production team, as Victoria already featured in a further five storylines. With this in mind, Pemberton's script was rewritten to gradually accommodate Victoria's departure. Interviews to find an actress to play new companion Zoe began early in January 1968.

The amount of exterior filming which Pemberton had scripted had to be reduced, and the writer's radio experience had led to an over-reliance on dialogue. Pemberton was disappointed when Quill and Swan were toned down to make them less sinister – but since rewrites had the characters being restored to 'normal' following their encounter with the weed, he would later, once they'd become popular with viewers, consider using the pair in another spin-off project. Since a character named Swann featured in *The Enemy of the World*, Swan was renamed 'Quill'; similarly, Blake was renamed 'Price', since *The Web of Fear* included a Corporal Blake.

The scenes showing Van Lutyens arguing in Episode 2 were rewritten, along with the discovery of Maggie by the Doctor's party; Maggie was now simply ill as opposed to appearing to be dead, thus removing the 'undead' implications of her body being missing throughout Episode 3. The end of the episode was also heavily restructured. There were numerous rewrites to Episode 3, including: the rescue of Jamie from the foam-filled kitchen; the middle of the instalment; Robson cracking up in the Impeller Room; and Van Lutyens urging Harris to take command. Episode 4 gained an extra scene introducing Megan Jones and Perkins on their arrival.

"Fury had a very good atmosphere. I thought it was terrific. Wouldn't it frighten the kids of today if they saw it!"

Deborah Watling

Pemberton was very unhappy with the changes to his script, particularly regarding Oak and Swan; he at first distanced himself from the production and even threatened to have his name taken off the rewritten version. He did, however, have some input into the rewrites. The TARDIS had landed on the edge of a cliff in 1965's *The Rescue*, and Pemberton was asked to devise a replacement site – which, devised in conjunction with David, became the sea itself: "It [the TARDIS] comes into view hovering slightly above the waves then descends to 'sit' on the sea".

All the designers on David's team had previous *Doctor Who* experience. Set designer Peter Kindred had supervised *The Tenth Planet* in 1966, make-up and costumes respectively had been handled by Sylvia James and Martin Baugh since *The Abominable Snowmen*, and visual effects designer Peter Day had worked on *The Tomb of the Cybermen* (although now he would be assisted by an uncredited Len Hutton).

David's crew travelled to the freezing location of Palm Bay, Margate on Saturday 3 February, while Episode 4 of *The Web of Fear* was being recorded. Shooting on 16mm film started on the beach the following morning; this required regular cast members Troughton, Hines and Watling plus guest artistes June Murphy, Victor Maddern and Roy Spencer (who had previously appeared in *The Ark*) as Maggie, Robson and Harris. Also present was Mike Smith, an former airline pilot based at Gregory Air Services of Denham; Smith piloted the Hughes 300, one of the two helicopters hired by David for the serial. Hines was joined by his girlfriend, actress Susan George, whom he was trying to persuade to audition as Zoe.

The two-man Hughes 3000 was emblazoned with the ESGO logo, and various close-up scenes showing the 'copter in the foam were filmed at the clifftop. The TARDIS landing on the sea was performed using a quarter-size model, suspended on a piano wire from the 'copter's winch; this was shot in soft focus to hide the wire. Due to winds and waves, the box fell over repeatedly, and several attempts were made with production assistant Michael Briant (later a *Doctor Who* director) standing on the 'copter's skis in order to manipulate the wire. David also wanted an aerial shot to convey the effect of the TARDIS zooming skywards like a rocket in Episode 6; a 20:1 lens was used to show the TARDIS' point of view of Victoria's image receding.

Other aerial shots, showing the Doctor's dinghy and the helicopter chase, were filmed from a larger machine – a French-made Alouette which had appeared extensively in films and TV shows including *From Russia With Love* and *The Prisoner*. Film cameraman Ken Westbury mounted the camera on the Alouette's side, and David co-ordinated the action from the shoreline using walkie-talkies. The foam machine was loaded into one of the 'copters and flown around offshore to generate the foam lapping the shoreline. Throughout filming, an Air-Sea Rescue team

at RAF Manston remained on standby. The weather remained bitterly cold; Troughton wore his large sheepskin coat between takes, retaining the woollen hat he wore as the Doctor. Despite the conditions, this would turn out to be one of the lead actor's favourite stories. Episode 1 included the sequence showing the Doctor, Jamie and Victoria finding the foam on the beach – whereupon the mischievous Troughton and Hines grabbed Watling and dunked her in the bubbles.

Little material was shot on the Red Sands sea fort, which doubled as the Control Rig [*see panel*]. All the foam close-ups were shot on land, with Troughton ad-libbing, "Come on in – the water's lovely." The helicopter chase in Episode 6 was extended late in the day. Hines and Watling went up in the helicopter for long shots, with Smith doubling for Troughton at the controls; Hines and Watling were un-nerved by their closeness to the cliffs, and Troughton had refused to go up altogether. The chase was arranged by David and Smith; clever editing later allowed the 'copter appear to make impossible manoeuvres, such as 'looping the loop'.

For the scene where the Doctor opens up the pipeline box Briant, underwhelmed by the Doctor's use of a normal screwdriver, suggested he be given a special tool which used sound waves; the new device was called a 'sonic screwdriver'. Troughton picked out a pen-torch prop to use, and Visual Effects provided a box from inside which the screws could be undone, completing the illusion. (In later years, Briant came to regret creating the screwdriver, which he would consider overused as a plot device.)

Work here continued on Monday 5. Other location sequences, all for Episode 5, included Robson and Victoria emerging through the ESGO Sea Entrance and departing in a buggy called a Minimoke, scenes at the company's clifftop airfield, and the Doctor and Jamie climbing down a rope ladder into the foam, plus the goodbye sequence on the beach for Episode 6.

The final location day was intended to pick up a few scenes with Robson and the Harrises for use in Episodes 3 and 4, but saw additional filming with the regulars and Smith. The crew were now joined by another pilot, Keith Sissons, who would have an uncredited speaking role as the pilot guiding the Doctor in Episode 6. For the Episode 3 cliffhanger in which Maggie walks out to sea, Murphy walked out into the estuary only to find that the shore did not slope off rapidly enough. Eventually she went down on her hands and knees to vanish under the waves, but was unable to hear the crew calling her back, necessitating somebody to walk out after her. Latex make-up was used to indicate the weed's infection of both Maggie and Robson in several sequences.

The film crew moved into the warmth of Stages 3A/B at Ealing Film Studios on Wednesday 7; the next three days were devoted to sequences requiring use of the foam generator, which would be too time-consuming to achieve in the electronic recording studio. Effects shots were also filmed, such as the seaweed clump frothing on the patio in Episodes 1 and 2 (gas was emitted from an aerosol to make the foam 'pop'), foam and weed emerging from ventilation grilles in numerous episodes (the film would be reversed to indicate the foam's retreat) and the foam withdrawing from the Harrises' bedroom in response to Victoria's scream in Episode 3.

Further sequences used a large-scale version of the refinery impeller area, as explored by the Doctor and Jamie in Episode 1. Montage sequences showing the weed bursting through the impeller's perspex inspection hatch in Episode 5 and shots of the foam-filled pipeline room and airlock for Episode 6 were filmed; pipes for the foam were concealed on the set, which was shot simultaneously from several angles.

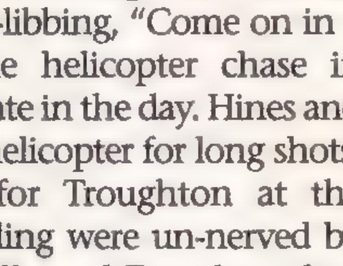
Thursday 8 concentrated on sequences featuring Robson and Van Lutyens, with John Abineri (who had worked with David on the Granada series *Knight Errant*) making the first of several *Doctor Who* appearances. Abineri's scenes were the impeller shaft sequences in Episode 4, while Maddern filmed inserts of Robson in the foam-filled Rig Cabin for Episodes 5 and 6. The regulars left rehearsals for *The Web of Fear* Episode 5 on Friday 9 to film Jamie's rooftop rescue in Episode 3 and scenes in the impeller shaft for Episode 4, again featuring Abineri.

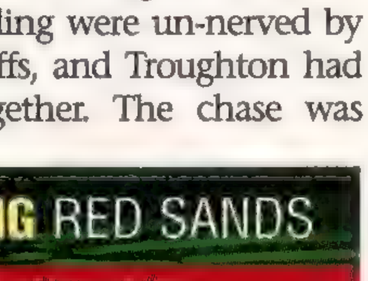
Shooting continued on Monday 12 at Denham Airfield, where shots of the 'burning-off' of excess gas in Episode 2 and all the close-ups of the regulars in the helicopter in Episode 6 (which Pemberton had envisaged as being recorded in a studio mock-up) were filmed. Although the 'copter's rotor blades were turning slowly, this material was filmed on the ground. David mounted a film camera fitted with a swivel lens inside a collapsible pram (borrowed from his daughter) which was moved quickly past the 'copter to simulate its movement.

Around now, the title of the serial was changed for fear of using the word 'Devils' in the title of a family show; despite this, both the Synopses for the Deaf and the *Radio Times* still referred to the serial in advance as *Doctor Who and the Colony of*

LOCATION FILMING RED SANDS

For location filming the Natural Gas Development Board gave permission for the crew to shoot under certain restrictions on a gas platform but not at a refinery. Hugh David considered the Napoleonic sea forts around the South Coast since these structures offered a venue close to London for the platform sequences. Eventually, Red Sands, a network of more recent structures in the Thames Estuary, was selected. Until recently it had been the home to commercial radio station Radio 390 and had featured as a pirate radio station in ITC adventure series *Danger Man*. *Not So Jolly Roger* shot in February 1966. On filming early in February 1968, Visual Effects designer Peter Day stayed overnight on the fort to set up a foam generator for an aerial shot of the weed-infected platform. The weather was terrible during these sequences.





Devils. The scripts were retitled *Doctor Who and Fury From the Deep*, which Pemberton disliked.

Sherwin's rewrites continued; he was now assisted by Terrance Dicks, a former associate from the ATV soap opera *Crossroads*. On Monday 19 February, the scene with the Doctor explaining the weed threat to Harris and Van Lutyens was reworked. Rehearsals began on Tuesday 20 February, with the cast being joined by Graham Leaman, Bill Burridge and Peter Ducrow as Price, Quill and a security guard respectively: Leaman had previously appeared in *The Macra Terror*; Burridge (who had no dialogue) had been an extra in several earlier serials; and Ducrow was a voice artiste who had featured as the Face in the series *Adam Adamant Lives!*

Recording of *Fury From the Deep* began on Saturday 24 February – three weeks in advance of transmission – with taping at Lime Grove Studio D between 8.00 and 9.45pm. Title, writer and episode captions were shown over the opening credits. Crosshairs were added over the beach film of the Doctor's party, which was relayed to a monitor screen. Where the travellers recover from being tranquillised, a ripple effect was placed over Victoria's point-of-view shot of two guards.

At the control cone in the Communications Control Hall, a monitor acted as a Vision-Phone, relaying images from the Rig D set; similarly, a monitor in the Harrises' quarters showed an image of Price when Maggie calls control. Most scheduled recording breaks were for camera moves; one allowed Troughton and Hines to move from the pipeline room to the corridor when the Doctor and Jamie hear Victoria's (pre-recorded) screams. Dialogue was recorded over both brief film shots of the impeller and a photo-caption showing the transparent section of pipeline. At the episode's climax, an echo was added to sound as the camera zoomed in on the screaming Watling.

The quarter-size TARDIS model on the Margate clifftop

Episode 2 was rewritten on Friday 1 March, the day before recording; amendments included Harris' asking the Doctor to examine Maggie and the first appearance of Oak and Quill. The second instalment was recorded at Lime Grove between 8.15 and 9.45pm on Saturday 2, starting with a filmed reprise from Episode 1; episode titles were shown over shots of the foam, Victoria and the corridor outside. The sequence in which Maggie is attacked by Oak and Quill had originally been scripted for film; actors John Gill (who wore latex weed make-up on his right arm) and Burridge chewed on charcoal biscuits to make the insides of their mouths appear black, with the camera zooming in on their mouths as they apparently exhaled gas. As Maggie collapses, images of the pair panting ran over the picture, concluding in a cross-fade to the film showing gas jets burning. A prop window was smashed by Hines with a chair; these scenes were rewritten just before taping to emphasise that the gas Maggie succumbed to was not natural. Closing credits rolled over a shot of the impeller shaft window.

More Ealing filming took place on Tuesday 5 and Wednesday 6 March, during rehearsals for Episode 3. Corridor and control hall scenes for Episode 6 were recorded – including the big battle against the weed monster, a large outfit operated by two extras. One crew member shot a small amount of 8mm colour 'home movie' film of these sequences.

> **"You didn't see much of the monster for four episodes, although you knew it was there because of the pulse-like beat"**
>
> **Deborah Watling**

After rewrites of the TARDIS scene, Episode 3 was taped at Lime Grove between 8.15 and 9.45pm on Saturday 9. Recording began with a re-enactment of the end of Episode 2, with episode titles superimposed over shots of Robson and the Chief Engineer. Taping was performed out of sequence, with all the Harrises' quarters scenes being recorded first; here, Murphy wore latex make-up on her right hand. Stock film showing cells moving was seen on the TARDIS scanner screen. One of Van Lutyens' lines concerning Robson ("That man, that fool is no longer sane") was omitted on recording.

As Episode 4 began rehearsals on Monday 11 March, there were further rewrites, including an extension of a cabin scene featuring the TARDIS crew in which Victoria and the Doctor refer to Cybermen (*The Tomb of the Cybermen*), Daleks (*The Evil of the Daleks*) and Yeti (*The Abominable Snowmen/ The Web of Fear*). Other material, such as Van Lutyens preparing to descend the impeller shaft, was compressed. Episode 5 was heavily rewritten on Thursday 14, expanding Harris' and Megan's discussion about Robson, adding a padding scene in a corridor involving Jones and Perkins, and inserting

DEPARTURES DEBORAH WATLING, VICTOR PEMBERTON & HUGH DAVID

After her final appearance as Victoria in *The Wheel in Space* Episode 1 (in film material from *Fury From the Deep*) Deborah Watling appeared on *Junior Points of View* on Friday 3 May. The actress spent some time out of work, during which time she opened a boutique. On television she featured in shows as diverse as *The Newcomers*, *Doctor in Charge* and *Danger UXB*; film work included *Take Me High* and *That'll Be the Day*. She has also toured in many theatrical productions. In 1993 she reappeared as Victoria in the *Children in Need Doctor Who* special *Dimensions in Time*.

Writer Victor Pemberton's association with the *Doctor Who* television series ended with *Fury From the Deep*. producer Peter Bryant asked him for another idea referred to as *The Eye in Space* (about a giant, all-seeing, magnetic octopoid eye in space), but this was not developed any further. Pemberton's television writing continued with *Timeslip*, *Ace of Wands*, *New Scotland Yard*, *Tightrope*, *Within These Walls* and then as a producer on *Fraggle Rock*. he made several documentaries including an award-winning piece about Benny Hill. In 1976 Argo's Don Norman asked Pemberton at short notice to write a *Doctor Who* story for an LP record. Pemberton developed the *King Kong*-inspired *Doctor Who and the Pescatons* in two weeks, reusing elements of *Fury From the Deep*. Fourth Doctor actor Tom Baker collaborated on the story, which was recorded hurriedly on Thursday 13 May 1976.

Circa 1977-78, *Doctor Who* script editor Anthony Read requested a storyline from Pemberton, but he was too busy with other projects.

Fury From the Deep was also the final *Doctor Who* for director Hugh David, who later worked on *The Man in the Iron Mask*, *The Expert*, *Jude the Obscure*, *Trial*, *Wives and Daughters* and *The Pallisers*. He later established a production company, Wildacre Productions, and spent time lecturing on production techniques. He died in autumn 1987.

dialogue where Victoria voices her feelings of hopelessness to Jamie. Episode 6 material at the communication cone was rewritten on Friday 15.

Saturday 16 saw recording of Episode 4 between 8.30 and 9.45pm at Lime Grove; opening captions ran over the film of Maggie walking into the sea. A small amount of dialogue during Megan's and Perkins' arrival scene was not recorded; here, Megan dismisses the alleged menace, saying they have come to referee a battle between two clever men. Closing credits rolled over a shot of the transparent impeller shaft filling with foam. On Tuesday 19, further rewrites altered the Doctor's theorising how the weed takes people over. At the end of the week Hines filmed scenes for the following serial, *The Wheel in Space*, with new co-star Wendy Padbury.

Episode 5 was taped at Lime Grove on Saturday 23 between 8.30 and 10.15pm – the extra time being for a remount of some material from Episode 4 (most likely scenes in the control hall or corridor). For the scenes in Robson's cabin, David opted to have the camera show Maddern through the open grille from the monster's point-of-view. Padding in which the Doctor and Jamie ask about Victoria was added, along with lines about checking staff members' fingerprints.

Troughton celebrated his 48th birthday as rehearsals on Episode 6 began on Monday 25. There were yet more rewrites for this final instalment, including Victoria's screams repelling Robson, the Doctor's commenting upon Quill's recovery, Price rigging up the tape of Victoria's screams, and the Doctor's device producing a sound wave "like a lazer light beam".

Both the recording day and venue changed for this final episode, which was taped in Studio 1 at BBC Television Centre between 8.30 and 9.45pm on Friday 29. Victoria's electronically-amplified screams were augmented with radiophonic effects created for *The Underwater Menace*. The final page of the camera script assured the crew it was "the absolute end".

Incidental music was composed by Dudley Simpson, whose score mixed conventional instruments with electronically-treated effects from the Radiophonic Workshop. For sequences focusing on Victoria, Simpson reused a theme composed for *The Evil of the Daleks*.

On Thursday 14 March, a *Radio Times* preview specified that the serial was set on England's East Coast. *Fury From the Deep* was scheduled in direct opposition to repeats of *Sword of Freedom* on ATV London, *The Bugs Bunny Show* or *Mad Movies* on ABC and *Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons* on Southern. Press reaction was mixed: *The New Statesman* of Friday 22 March disliked the "ludicrous larking about on a beach" and found the seaweed too similar to the fungus in *The Web of Fear*; later, on Thursday 27 June, *The Stage and Television Today* dismissed "the Crazy Foam threat" as poor.

Fury From the Deep was sold overseas on 16mm film. Australia's ABC first broadcast the serial during March and April 1969, making several cuts for a 'G' rating: Oak and Quill's attack on Maggie in Episode 2; encounters with the weed in the impeller during Episode 4; and shots of Robson's hands mutated by seaweed from Episode 5. The serial was received by New Zealand in December 1970, but it was considered unsuitable and rejected. The adventure was also purchased by Gibraltar, Hong Kong and Singapore. The original 625-line videotapes were wiped circa late 1974, the same year BBC Enterprises withdrew it from sale and junked the film prints.

Pemberton wrote the novelisation *Doctor Who – Fury From the Deep*, which was published in hardback by WH Allen in May 1986; a Target paperback followed that October. On Monday 17 May 1993, Fourth Doctor actor Tom Baker recorded a linking narration written by Eric Saward which was added to off-air soundtrack recordings of the serial for *Doctor Who – Fury From the Deep*, a BBC Radio Collection double cassette pack issued in October 1993.

For many years, all that was known to exist of *Fury From the Deep* was 15 seconds' film showing the TARDIS landing on the sea, which had been reused in *The War Games* Episode Ten. Off-screen 'telesnaps' taken by John Cura were discovered in 1993. Late in 1996, research by Australian fan Damian Shanahan led to the ABC cuts being found and returned to the BBC; these featured (alongside some of the colour home movie footage from the Ealing recordings) in documentary *The Missing Years*, part of November 1998's *The Ice Warriors Collection* video/CD set. DWM

SERIAL RR FURY FROM THE DEEP

CAST **Patrick Troughton** *Dr Who* with **Victor Maddern** *Robson*, **John Abineri** *Van Lutyens* [1-4] and **Frazer Hines** *Jamie*, **Deborah Watling** *Victoria* with **Roy Spencer** *Harris*, **Graham Leaman** *Price*, **Peter Ducrow** *Guard* [1], **June Murphy** *Maggie Harris* [1-4,6], **John Garvin** *Carney* [1], **Hubert Rees** *Chief Engineer*, **Richard Mayes** *Chief Baxter* [1,4], **Bill Burridge** *Quill* [1-5], **John Gill** *Oak* [2-5], **Margaret John** *Megan Jones* [4-6], **Brian Cullingford** *Perkins* [4-6].

EXTRAS **Robert Pierson**, **Bill Straiton**, **Vic Taylor**, **Bobby Beaumont** *Technicians*; **Derek Chafer**, **Charles Finch**, **Raymond Turton**, **Roy Stevens** *Guards*; **Terry Nelson** *Technician*; **Michael Durham**, **Roy Pearce** *Technician/Guard*; **Wallace Winding**, **Tom Wadden** *Technicians*; **Mike Smith**, **Keith Sissons** *Helicopter Pilots*; **Robert Pierson**, **Bill Straiton** *Weed Monster*.

CREDITS *Written by* **Victor Pemberton**. *Title music by* **Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Incidental music by* **Dudley Simpson**. *Special Sound Effects* **Bryan Hodgson** [sic], **BBC Radiophonic Workshop***. *Visual Effects designed by* **Peter Day***. *Costume* **Martin Baugh***. *Makeup* **Sylvia James***. *Lighting* **Sam Neeter***. *Sound* **David Hughes***. *Film Cameraman* **Ken Westbury***. *Film Editor* **Colin Hobson***. *Story Editor* **Derrick Sherwin**. *Designer* **Peter Kindred**. *Producer* **Peter Bryant**. *Directed by* **Morris Barry**.
* Credited on Episode 6 only

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Drn.	Rating (pos.)	A.App
Episode 1	16 March 1968	5.15pm-5.40pm	24'54"	8.2M (46th)	55%
Episode 2	23 March 1968	5.15pm-5.40pm	23'08"	7.9M (40th)	55%
Episode 3	30 March 1968	5.15pm-5.40pm	20'29"	7.7M (47th)	56%
Episode 4	6 April 1968	5.15pm-5.40pm	24'17"	6.6M (62nd)	56%
Episode 5	13 April 1968	5.15pm-5.40pm	23'40"	5.9M (73rd)	56%
Episode 6	20 April 1968	5.15pm-5.40pm	24'24"	6.9M (42nd)	57%

Shelf Life

in which some highly-strung Cybermen go for gold

And Vanessa Bishop finds herself left breathless by another walk to Babylon

DOCTOR WHO: REVENGE OF THE CYBERMEN

Video BBC Video **Featuring** The Fourth Doctor, Sarah & Harry **RRP** TBA **Cat No** TBA
Available 12 April

In an era of *Doctor Who* where intellect was often superseded by sensationalism, *Revenge of the Cybermen* experiments by attempting to sustain 100 minutes without the employment of either. The dreary plot is an albatross around its neck, the Cybermen another. And yet, without their presence, is there reason for returning to the story at all?

Would there be any interest in *Revenge of the Saucermen*, a tale of Saucermen weak through a susceptibility to pollen and bitter from defeats you've never heard of? Would their plan to blast from the heavens an inhabited rock – the caverns of which are coated with the most beautiful and fragrant daisies – sound to you like a winner? Maybe you could invent comic weaponry (the Petal Pistol?) and credit it victorious in the Saucer Wars. Perhaps the Saucermen could be humiliated, laughed at – their credibility undermined not at the story's conclusion but within moments of their arrival – labelled pathetic, and given no recourse to lead you to think otherwise? For the sake of symmetry, one might render the flowered rock's squabbling populace equally witless, so they never have to ask themselves why – if their flora is so deadly to the Saucermen – are two of them stomping around up to their Saucer knees in it?

You see, with a handful of amendments, any alien harbouring a four-week grudge might have boarded Nerva Beacon. If they had, one of the series' legends would have been saved from such a petty, economy-driven revival. Many commentators have long wished it – but I suspect, in that eventuality, the result would have been even poorer.

Revenge of the Cybermen's greatest failure, the Cybermen, remain its greatest asset. At their aesthetic worst – Christmas gaudy, buckle-belted and criss-crossed with corrugated pipe as to appear hunchbacked – they save four episodes from obscurity and the great undiscussed. Saddled with the mundane vision of Michael E Briant, a director who – as with the previous season's *Death to the Daleks* – appears, on encountering the series' icons, to lower his game rather than raise it. With their more sympathetic directors otherwise engaged, the silver giants go it alone, mercilessly scene-stealing with an armoury of hitherto unseen absurdities – stiff-leggedness, head-guns, wobbly bonces, short temper, incessant conversational chatter and the curious body language of a leader stressed to the point of requiring a counsellor – never is an opportunity missed to demonstrate just why it'll be seven years before you'll see them again.

Curious, considering the story's architects, that they should have missed so badly when a very palpable hit was theirs for the taking. Writer Gerry Davis deposits his co-creations in the familiar human outposts of previous Cyber dramas, their propensity for Space Wheels well documented. He remembers the Space Plague but apparently not the type of story in which the Cybermen function best, as *Revenge* is neither a conquest of our planet nor of our bodies. Script editor Robert Holmes muddies Davis' ideas with his own, and one must presume the Cybermen are also victims of this. So shot through are they with contradictions, they can only be the product of differing perceptions. One viewpoint condemns them as "total machine creatures", "tin soldiers" with hydraulic muscles and brains to match; the other insists that they have breathing apparatus by which they can be suffocated. Suspected to be Holmes' contribution, this reinvention of the Cybermen as mere robots shows him to have inexplicably looked a gift horse in the mouth, considering his recurring obsession with body horror. Lastly, producer Philip Hinchcliffe delivers only a third of the potential in an initially smart and cost-effective re-use of the *Ark in Space* sets. As noteworthy as designer Roger Murray-Leach's corridors are, it is his cathedral-like cryogenic chamber that would have, once more, held the fascination. For the cannibalistic Cybermen of the sixties, a larder of humans to convert might have inspired a *Tomb of the Cybermen* in reverse.

But, alas, no.

Even at their worst, the Cybermen are the only thing that saves these four episodes from total obscurity

DOCTOR WHO: REVOLUTION MAN

Novel BBC Books **Author** Paul Leonard
Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz
RRP £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55570 X **Available** Now

There is more than a whiff of the sixties TV spy and fantasy factory ITC about Paul Leonard's *Revolution Man*. Here, his three adventurers – the Doctor, Sam and Fitz – become entangled in a flurry of smuggling, special missions and international travel that traverses not only the world but the years as well, in a tale which would have left Jason King and his forgettable friends standing at the airport.

The plot – more pertinent than a *Protectors* episode, more linear than a *Department S* – wanders, like a Bond film warming up, between England, Rome and Nepal, dividing its action and lead characters amidst the threat of a space-time anomaly set to end the world on 18 May 1969. As with his previous novels, Leonard continuously expands his tale, acquiring layers like a Russian doll, achieving a scale that works perfectly within an Eighth Doctor story. Taking on America has moved the goalposts; can anything post-McGann now be considered too big for *Doctor Who*?

With *Dancing the Code*, the author's methods worked against him. Despite a perfect set of characterisations – an admirable Leonard trait – depositing the occupants of Season Ten amidst a contemporary Middle Eastern war zone cruelly magnified their fiction. Like a hare running with the hounds, such a place was not for them; without cocoa, sandwiches and a well-stocked wine cellar, their theatrics thinned in the endless troubles of the region.

Revolution Man falls down no such hole, its size and themes appropriately partnered to its content. The unusual, three-year period covered by the book comes alive, fragrant with the colour and sensation of a late sixties awash with hippy values. Leonard's prose, always rhythmical, here reads like a mellow chant of love and peace, with everyone talking like they've stepped straight out of a production of *Hair*. Unlike the treatment afforded ITV's recent laughless seventies comedy, *Days Like These*, though, Leonard hasn't merely applied a surface coating of his chosen era, instead offering a total and convincing submission to his chosen time period.

The villain is a kind of apocalyptic Milk Tray Man with a destructive calling card

Centring around the antagonistic character of the novel's title – a kind of apocalyptic Milk Tray man whose calling card, and demonstrative actions, are far more destructive – the plot teases with an identity guessing game as intricately suggestive as *The Prisoner*'s episodic search for Number One. The novel's quest to retrieve the alien drug Rubasdpofiaew, a further demonstration of the author's fascination with the unpronounceable, leads to an encounter with Tibetan monks that, with misplaced imagination and BBC Books' earlier obsession with the returning foe, cannot help but suggest the possibility of the Revolution Man being revealed as a ten-foot rug wielding a Web Gun. Happily, the final truth holds a clever twist. Whilst possibly not delivering the playground-shattering revelation that *Battle of the Planets*' Zoltar was, perhaps, a woman, the Revolution Man's unmasking comes close.

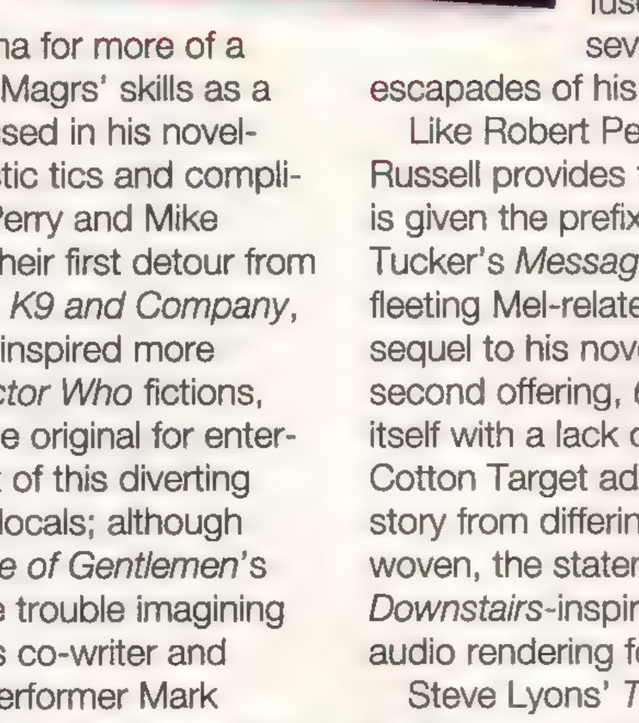
There is, in the work, the sense of a filmed production, as if Leonard has visualised every aspect as a director and editor. An expensive drama, *Radio Times' Choice* page would label it 'slick, tense, and with an obsession for detail'. Fitz, although more of a young Frank Skinner, would be miscast, portrayed, for aesthetic purposes, by Greg Wise, with *Band of Gold*'s Samantha Morton perfect as an increasingly mature Sam.

And Paul McGann, again Messianic, and served with a script that balances the Doctor's sense of the important with the trivial, would simply shine.

DOCTOR WHO: MORE SHORT TRIPS

Anthology BBC Books **Editor** Stephen Cole **Featuring** The eight Doctors **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55565 3 **Available** Now

With twice the choice, BBC Books' second such assemblage of fiction, *More Short Trips*, offers tales that vary from the lengthy to those as swift as a sneeze. In the bittersweet *Good Companions*, Peter Anghelides throws a septuagenarian Tegan into the path of the Bohemian, ginger-haired Doctor created by Marc Platt at the beginning of his *Sow in Rut*'s Sarah Jane, and Paul Magrs' returning Time Lady, Iris Wildthyme. In *Femme Fatale*, Iris, the mischief of *The Scarlet Empress*, has swapped her Miriam Margolyes persona for more of a Barbarella model. However, Magrs' skills as a storyteller, normally so focussed in his novel-writing, are lost here to stylistic tics and complication. Conversely, Robert Perry and Mike Tucker's Sarah Jane story, their first detour from the McCoy era, is light relief. *K9 and Company*, unlikely material as it is, has inspired more continuations than most *Doctor Who* fictions, with few failing to surpass the original for entertainment value. The highlight of this diverting sequel are the darkly comic locals; although submitted before *The League of Gentlemen*'s television debut, there is little trouble imagining its co-writer and performer Mark Gatiss as the entire community of the Lake District's Grasmere – particularly, teeth blacked out, as old Aggie the gypsy woman.



Unfortunately, Tara Samms' Eighth Doctor interlude, *Totem*, fails through ineffectiveness, a *Doctor Who* story more at home in *People's Friend* if it weren't so ambiguous. Likewise, Dave Stone's *Moon Graffiti*. The Sixth Doctor and Peri encounter a future Earth that requires much re-reading. It's an indigestible mix that, when committed to audio last year, reminded one of *Slipback* and challenged it for a slap.

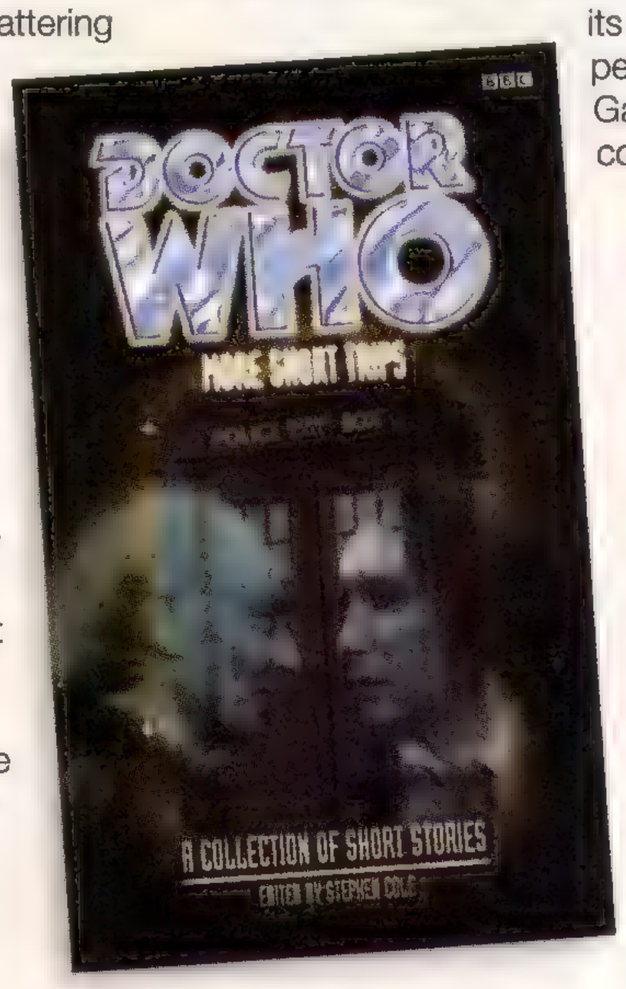
Return of the Spiders, hilarious and self-aware, finds Gareth Roberts once more producing sublime Season Seventeen complementaries with a consistency the original source was unable to sustain. In Ian Atkins' *Scientific Adviser*, the Cybermen take on a slightly different role in a cleverly-devised Second Doctor story that takes a turn for the sinister.

Cyber links surface again in Simon Forward's *One Bad Apple* which, like elements of Andrew Miller's delightful *Dead Time*, is deeply reminiscent of *Kinda*. Forward's characterisations of the Fourth Doctor and Leela, with their perfect Season Fifteen interplay, are amongst the best in the book. Miller's mixture of intrigue and levity, though, as the Eighth Doctor and Sam encounter the Forgotten, would incline me to encourage a full-length novel from him – particularly notable is the Doctor's conversation with himself, which reads like *Doctor Who* adapted by Lewis Carroll. I equally anticipate a book jacket bearing the name of Jason Loborik. *Honest Living* continues the themes of *Day of the Daleks*, and is a time anomaly tale that fuses the realism of Pertwee's seventh season and the lethargic escapades of his ninth into a gritty hybrid.

Like Robert Perry and Mike Tucker, Gary Russell provides two stories. *Business as Usual* is given the prefix '*Missing*', as is Perry and Tucker's *Message in a Bottle*. These are two, fleeting Mel-related incidents, Russell's being a sequel to his novel *Business Unusual*. His second offering, *64 Carlysle Street*, presents itself with a lack of convention. Like a Donald Cotton Target adaptation, it elects to draw its story from differing perspectives. Cleverly interwoven, the statements of the *Upstairs Downstairs*-inspired household deserve an audio rendering for the accents alone.

Steve Lyons' *The Eternity Contract*, in which the Doctor and Nyssa stumble upon a halfway house between Death and Eternity, is an honest, cliché-ridden chiller. Despite a tense opening, Christopher Bulis' *Hot Ice*, also for the Fifth Doctor, spirals only to a robbery scam, with a central premise too easily guessed, whilst Paul Leonard's Seventh Doctor tale, *Special Weapons*, despite perfectly evoking wartime England, leaves me doubtful as to whether the author, or his story, suit the confines of short fiction.

More Short Trips offers tales that vary from the lengthy to those as swift as a sneeze



And finally, *uPVC*, Paul Farnsworth's simplistically daft tale of the Second Doctor, Jamie, Zoe and a travelling salesman. Almost *Crackerjack* in its comedy, it's refreshing, fun, poignant and uses *Doctor Who*'s oddities to their full potential. Perfect.

THE NEW ADVENTURES: WALKING TO BABYLON & BIRTHRIGHT

Audio dramas Big Finish Productions **Featuring** Bernice Summerfield **RRP** £12.99 each (double CD) **Available** Now, see **DWM** 275 for mail order details

Their obtaining the rights to produce *Doctor Who* with the original, available participants in all but vision, obliges one to lend a keener ear to Big Finish Productions' current dramatisations of Virgin's Bernice Summerfield novels. Those upcoming audio dramas, complete with familiar voices in legendary roles, iconic music, famous sound effects and the permission to mention the word 'TARDIS' without the expectation of receiving a writ, will, I suspect, leapfrog in importance over their present commitment to the self-aware archaeologist. Moreso to the buying fan base who, when faced with new *Doctor Who* that approaches evermore identifiably the video on the shelf, is likely to make its choice. For financial reasons, for the ease of consumption, for the performances, for a *Doctor Who* official in every capacity, even its literature faces the challenge.

Granted such an opportunity, Gary Russell – now to be prefixed with 'producer' as well as every other creative credit – must feel as daunted as he does elated. For while it is perfectly acceptable and somewhat expected for the BBC to louse up *Doctor Who*, it is less kindly tolerated, as Virgin will testify, when others are seen to be tinkering.

Radio drama is now almost unique to this country; when heard at its best it is a most immediate and precious medium. Unfortunately, on *Doctor Who*'s infrequent interactions, one has always disserved the other. Thankfully, on the evidence of the Bernice audios, Big Finish, it is clear, would have to try very, very hard indeed to equal the rubbish that had previously, and professionally, been broadcast.

The only conceivable reason why the BBC wouldn't offer them *carte blanche* after sampling these Bernice plays would be to save their own embarrassment. Well-judged, the cheeky monkeys have taught the masters how to do it. Thoughtfulness, and the desire to make this entertainment, have avoided both the unbearable business of *The Paradise of Death* and *Ghosts of N-Space* cartoons, and *Slipback*'s pointless pretension to be *The Hitch-hiker's Guide*. Also, they succeed over competing CD productions that sound, in comparison, hollow and undernourished.

Walking to Babylon and *Birthright* form the first two parts of the *Time Ring Trilogy*, the third promised to be *Just War*. This linking theme has been freshly imposed by Big Finish, however, with Kate Orman's *Walking to Babylon* from the established 'Benny only' strand of the *New Adventures* preceding, here, Nigel Robinson's *Birthright*, a novel written four years earlier as an entry to the original, supposedly Doctor-centric, range. True, Robinson marginalised the Doctor to the point of invisibility, but much remained, Ace particularly. By skilfully substituting other characters in this rearrangement, dramatist Jac Rayner erases the anachronisms in as neat a manner as the Police Box has been from the re-used cover art. Featuring Jason, and even John Lafayette, from *Walking to Babylon*, this re-mix, without re-reading, appears seamless.

Joining Lisa Bowerman's Bernice is Colin Baker. Voicing Mikhail Vladamir Popov, he is robust and heavily-accented, although his Russian occasionally strays towards *Sesame Street*'s number-loving Count. Elsewhere, stereotypes also dominate: prostitutes giggle like Barbara Windsor, dim-witted policemen are foxed by their own shoelaces. Writ large and equally typishly portrayed, *Birthright* is less subtle than Orman's story, but for lovers of the melodramatic, it is all the more more satisfying.

Walking to Babylon's concession to *Doctor Who* is Elisabeth Sladen, who with, and because of, the enthusiasm she plays the virginal Ninan-ashtammu, unfortunately punctures the fantasy with Sarah Jane. The acting highlight comes from Bowerman, whose "You can't always get what you want" speech, although bordering on the ludicrous, returns anger to a tale where the villains, the People, and the monstrous threat they pose, have been genteelly rationalised.

Powered with special sound and dramatic scores, at long, long last the audio medium has been greeted with one hundred per cent success. DWM

DOCTOR WHO™

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MARCH RELEASES

Code	Description	RRP
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pects?

Seven Doctors.
One book line.
No progression?
David Darlington
goes under the
covers of the Missing
Adventures . . .

Illustration by Lee Sullivan

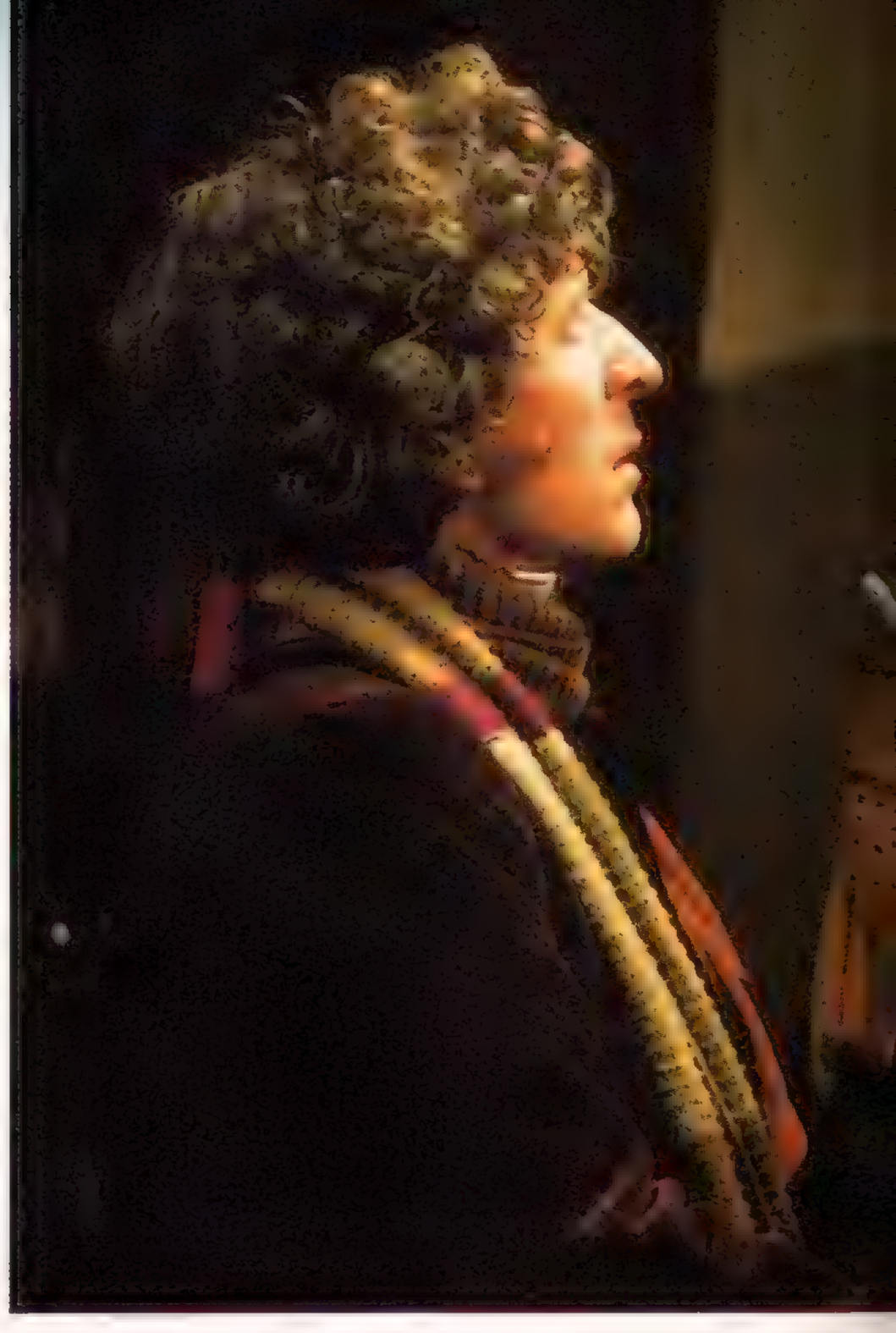
When Virgin editor Peter Darvill-Evans launched the range of *New Adventures* novels in 1991, his avowed intent was that they should be seen as carrying forward the narrative and heritage of the *Doctor Who* television series into a new decade and a new medium. But, come *Doctor Who*'s 30th anniversary year in 1993, several factors perhaps conspired to exacerbate fan pessimism about the Doctor's future, most obviously the fiasco over *The Dark Dimension* – the unproduced film apparently planned for that year – ensuring that the 30-year milestone passed with no 'new' *Doctor Who* being produced. The return of Jon Pertwee's Doctor in radio serial *The Paradise of Death* and the unavoidably retrospective nature of both *Children in Need* skit *Dimensions in Time* and documentary *30 Years in the TARDIS* instead suggested that, by contrast to the *New Adventures*, promoted as being "too broad and too deep for the small screen", the series' future might also be found in mining its past – and novels featuring familiar characters in TV-style stories would have seemed an ideal concession to those more conservative fans unenthused by the avowedly radical, forward-looking *New Adventures* . . .

DWM dropped the McCoy logo in favour of the diamond motif in the early nineties, and having aligned itself with the *New Adventures* by featuring Bernice in the comic strip, changed tack in April 1994 to present instead an anthology series of comic strip adventures featuring older Doctors. With the *zeitgeist* seemingly in such a reactionary phase, few could have been surprised by Darvill-Evans' announcement in **DWM**'s *Gallifrey Guardian* news pages that *"Doctor Who – The Missing Adventures* will begin bi-monthly publication from July 1994, starting with Paul Cornell's *Goth Opera*, a Fifth Doctor story . . ."

Paul Cornell's *New Adventures* had been controversial and popular – he was a writer unlikely to appeal to the traditionalist, and it wasn't always definite he would launch the range. "*Goth Opera* was going to be a Tom book, a very Hammer Hinchcliffe book," he recalls. "I changed it to Davison in order to give Gareth Roberts a shot at Tom . . . but they gave me the first slot anyway." Gareth's comedic approach seemed ideal for a Fourth Doctor story, but he had reservations, admitting: "I remember thinking they were a bad idea from the writer's point of view, because you couldn't present anything new."

Paul felt compelled to please the traditionalists. "One woman used to rip the covers off *New Adventures* because they were 'pornographic', and *Goth Opera* pleased her." And where those *New Adventures* covers sported the McCoy logo, *Goth Opera*'s restyled diamond logo and austere black design ensured that the lines of demarcation between the *New* and *Missing* ranges were clear.

"*Pyramids of Mars* had so much unexplored potential, such as the background to the Osirans. You have to build on what went before, rather than just repeating it" Justin Richards



The back jacket blurbs emphasised the intention to fit into the TV show canon; where, for instance, comic strips contemporaneous with the TV show had been selective about which elements from the series to incorporate into their world, and some Target novelisations blithely contradicted others, each *Missing Adventure* would be faithful to continuity and explicitly located between two televised stories.

Indeed, Virgin went to the lengths of preparing a guide to suitable gaps. Author Gary Russell confesses: "I love the insistence that the books must be set in a particular gap – I'm dubious about the Eighth Doctor teaming up with Jo Grant or whatever. To me that's what trivialises the programme, not the use of continuity within a particular setting." Some decisions were debatable, though, such as Christopher Bulis' crowbarring *A Device of Death* into the middle of the linked Season Twelve, or Craig Hinton's *The Crystal Bucephalus* completely plugging the gap between *The King's Demons* and *The Five Doctors*.

The month's break in publication following *Goth Opera* was the last, John Peel's *Evolution* heralding the shift to monthly releases. Peel had already had a *New Adventure* published, as had Gary Russell – who admits he'd submitted *Legacy* in that format because "there were only the *New Adventures* – I'd have preferred to make it a Pertwee story. I saw the *New Adventures* as an unsatisfactory strand, moving away from the type of story I wanted to write. I am not saying those books are bad, I just don't believe they were *Doctor Who*. The *Missing Adventures* offered me the chance to do what I wanted rather than fitting in with other writers." David A McIntee, who switched to the *Missing* series after three novels, insists, however, that he "never approached the two lines any differently – to me they're *Who* novels and that's that." Gareth Roberts is frank about his reasons for staying with the range for which *The Romance of Crime* brought him such acclaim: "I made a real mess of [*New Adventure*] *Zamper* . . . the reason I did *Missing Adventures* from then on was they were more fun for me . . . I was fond of the characters more than anything else. I worry it makes me look a bit of a clever copyist, though."

"The Second Doctor is difficult to write for. So much of him comes down to Patrick Troughton's portrayal on-screen" Martin Day

Those clever copies targeted the more nostalgic fan, and so popular companions accompanied their corresponding Doctor predictably early in the run – it was over two years before Adric was to show up in Lance Parkin's *Cold Fusion*. Lance had also contributed a *New Adventure*, and in this crossover novel, the Fifth Doctor met the *New Adventures* regulars. Lance "wanted to contrast the two Doctors and their methods, and play against the expectations of a 'multi-Doctor' story. The sort of banter that works on TV just doesn't have the same impact in print." Different authors had different criteria in selection of characters to employ – while Lance was keen to investigate the minds of what he saw as a shallow ensemble of characters, Paul had used the Davison team extensively in fan fiction, appreciating the lack of a constraining 'era style', and *Burning Heart* writer Dave Stone was keen to write for the Sixth Doctor because "as a fictive entity he never got the chance to live up to his potential." Steve Lyons reasoned similarly, intrigued by the idea of "an aberrant Doctor, looking into his future and seeing what his propensity toward violence might lead to."

The Second Doctor seems to have been less of an inspiration for writers, and didn't appear until Martin Day's generally poorly-received *The*

Menagerie, a long time after the launch of the range. While Martin believes the book – described in one review as "downright embarrassing . . . a dire excuse for a novel" – was unfairly dismissed, he admits "it's not that great", suggesting that one reason for its savage reception could have been the difficulty he experienced in depicting his chosen Doctor. *The Wages of Sin* author David A McIntee later admitted he'd had trouble capturing the Third Doctor in prose, but Martin, who tackled the Pertwee incarnation in *The Devil Goblins From Neptune*, insists that: "Keith [Topping, co-author] and I found Pertwee reasonably easy, at least in terms of surface mannerisms. So much of the Second Doctor comes down to Troughton's portrayal on-screen. When I first read *The Ice Warriors* at the age of eight, I remember imagining Jon Pertwee saying all those lines! That's no excuse for poor characterisation, but it is an acknowledgement that the Second Doctor is difficult to write for."

The Devil Goblins From Neptune became the first 'past Doctors' novel issued by BBC Books when, in 1996, the Corporation's commercial arm elected to retain the rights to publish original *Doctor Who* fiction. Rumours that the BBC intended to relaunch the novels for younger readers proved unfounded, the BBC releases' most striking difference from Virgin's being a restyled cover design which blurred the distinction between the 'new' and 'missing' series – as did the lack of distinct umbrella titles for the ranges. Stephen Cole was to take over as *Doctor Who* editor at BBC Worldwide later in the year, and his ambitions for the range appeared to differ from Darvill-Evans'. "The *Missing Adventures* were very much considered the poor relations by readers and even perhaps by Virgin themselves," he reckons. "I wanted to bring a pioneering style to the 'missings', an approach that just had the whole books output as *Doctor Who*."

Virgin's entire works – including those "poor relations" – were assessed in **DWM**'s 1998 poll, and the unexpectedly huge sample which took part justifies its adoption as an indicator of fan opinion. A majority of respondents had read at least a few of the novels, and because some readers might stick exclusively to one range, perhaps half those who took part could be considered regular consumers. While there is no basis on which to calculate how many respondents simply hadn't read a particular book yet, over half the readers of early *New Adventure Timewyrm: Exodus* had not read *The Death of Art* – perhaps the sheer volume of *New Adventures* or the intricate linkages between them acted as a deterrent. In contrast, the average readership for the last six *Missing Adventures* was down less than 25% on the first six – the 'pick and choose' option allowing the popularity of Gareth Roberts' finale *The Well-mannered War* to balance the comparatively low number of readers for *Speed of Flight* and *Burning Heart*.

One novel which did not score highly was established SF writer Stephen Marley's Gothic *Managra*. Unusually, Stephen contributed only to the *Missing* range "mainly because I liked Tom Baker, but also I was excited about what the series almost was. I don't think there were ever any really great episodes of *Doctor Who*, but I thought it had the potential for true greatness." Stephen's opinion on the continuity and canonicity aspect differs from many of his fellow contributors, however. "I never believed that a *Missing Adventure* should be an exercise in nostalgia. A lot of the range is far too retro, and I thought the point was to consider what it would be like were it done properly. The experimentation took place in the *New Adventures*, so they felt the *Missing Adventures* had to be different. I can understand why, but they went too far in terms of 'period' feel. Obviously you have the Doctor and the on-screen companion of the time, but you can go too far down that path."

Lance concurs, emphasising: "the point of writing *Doctor Who* books is to transcend the restrictions of a low-budget TV show." Gary Russell disagrees: "I like my *Doctor Who* to read and feel like the era it came from." But should this prove a barrier to authors inspired by the characters of a given era, but keen to go outwith the boundaries? "It's the *Doctor Who* sandbox and you use the sand, buckets and spades you find there," insists Gary. "Bringing in your own plastic fire engines and toy soldiers may be fun for you, but it makes the other kids move to the sides and watch you play rather than feeling they can join in." Dave Stone suggests: "the point is not to see the continuity as a straitjacket, but as a medium from which to grow things into one's own space" – while insisting that authors must "make the effort to tie it into continuity – to do otherwise would be short-changing the reader."

Keith Topping enjoys being able to visualise his stories: "I prefer them to the *New Adventures* in some ways because you have a visual frame of reference. You know vaguely what it should look like, and, conceptually, what it should be saying. A review of *The Hollow Men* criticised it for being too much like a Sylvester McCoy four-parter – I thought that was the whole point!" Martin Day agrees, emphasising also that it's more convenient for those wishing to contribute: "If I wanted

Those as yet unused Doctor/companion combinations in full!

First Doctor and Susan
before *100,000 BC*

First Doctor, Steven and Sara
during *The Daleks' Master Plan*
(there's a six-month gap between the two parts of John Peel's *Master Plan* novelisation)

First Doctor and Steven
between *The Daleks' Master Plan* and *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*

First Doctor, Ben and Polly
between *The Smugglers* and *The Tenth Planet*
(expressly forbidden in Virgin's original guidelines – but so were others which have subsequently been attempted)

Second Doctor solo
between *The War Games* and *Spearhead From Space*

Fourth Doctor solo
between *The Deadly Assassin* and *The Face of Evil*

Fourth Doctor, Leela and K9
any time between *The Invisible Enemy* and *The Invasion of Time*

Fourth Doctor and K9
between *The Invasion of Time* and *The Ribos Operation*

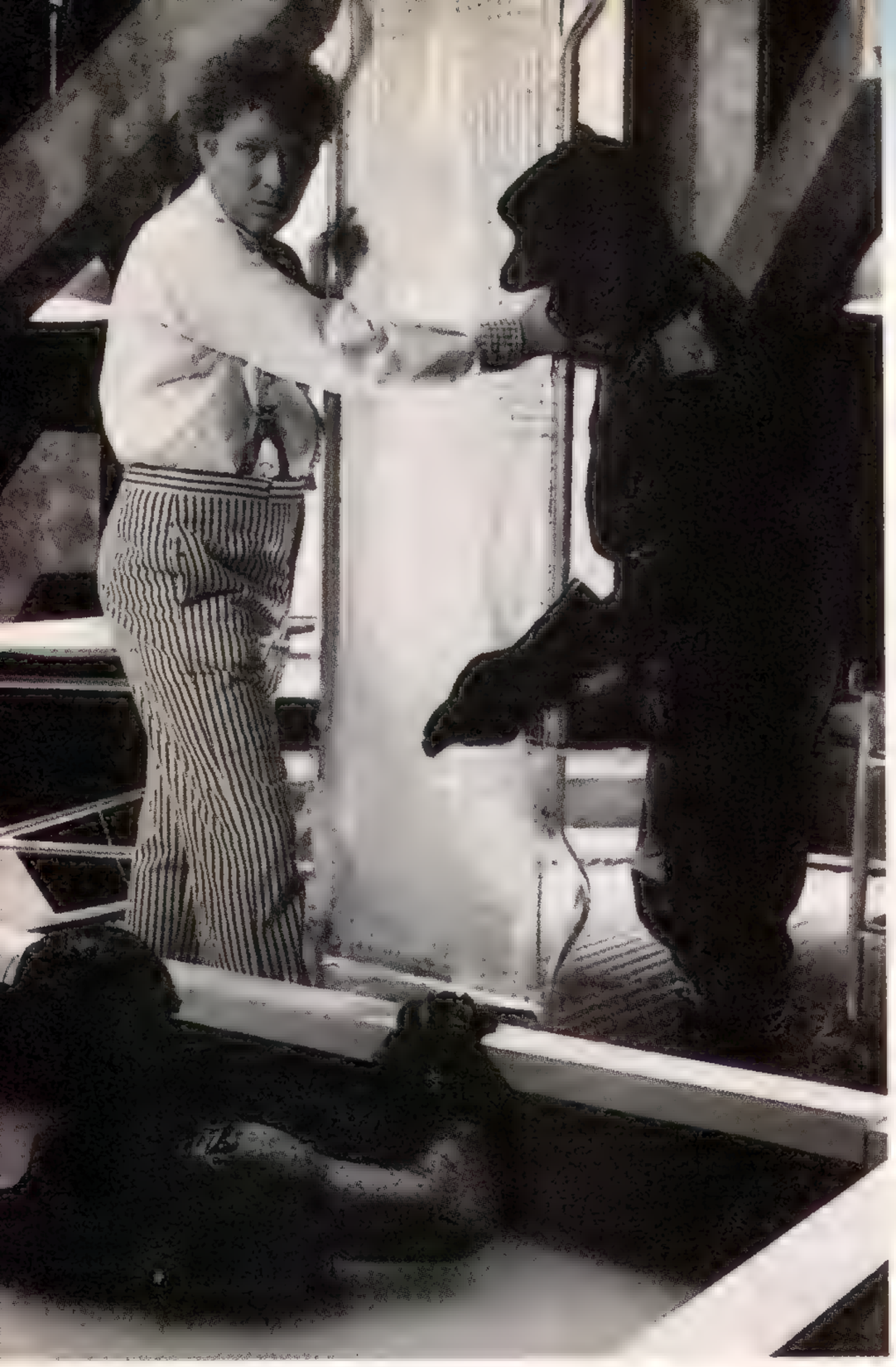
Fourth Doctor, Romana, Adric and K9
between *State of Decay* and *Warriors' Gate*

Fourth Doctor and Adric
between *The Keeper of Traken* and *Logopolis*

Fifth Doctor and Nyssa
between *Time-Flight* and *Arc of Infinity*

Seventh Doctor and Mel
any time between *Time and the Rani* and *Dragonfire*

Seventh Doctor solo
between *Survival* and the TV Movie



"I was intrigued by the idea of an aberrant Sixth Doctor, looking into his future and seeing what his propensity toward violence might lead to" Steve Lyons

to write a Tom Baker novel, say, I'd just watch *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, whereas if I wanted to write a Paul McGann novel I'd have to swot up on all the novels that preceded it."

Steve Cole is happy that Keith and Martin's launch novel for the BBC established the series as "unmistakably adult", and evident immediately from that book was the avoidance of anything from the Virgin books – the BBC guidelines were explicit that no characters from the *New Adventures*, specifically, could be used. Motivated by the desire to attract new readers, this was heavily enforced at the time of Steve Lyons' *The Murder Game*, which had references to *Invasion of the Cat-people* removed. However, the restriction has since been ignored by several writers – notably Gary Russell, who incorporated elements from *The Scales of Injustice* into his Sixth Doctor tale *Business Unusual*. He insists there was no resistance to this from Virgin or the BBC, and Lance agrees that the supposed reboot has been exaggerated: "There are half-a-dozen sequels to Virgin books in the BBC range so it's difficult to see it as anything other than a direct continuation . . . the same authors are writing for the same audience." Steve Lyons concedes that the embargo now applies only to companions devised for the Virgin ranges – which he finds frustrating, as there can now be no return for Grant Markham, created by Steve as a companion for the Sixth Doctor in *Time of Your Life*. The easing of the regulations is confirmed by Justin Richards' assertion that there was no objection from the BBC to his forthcoming *Millennium Shock* being "a sequel to [*System Shock*] – a book which is out of print!"

Sequels have in fact been prevalent from *Goth Opera* onward – indeed, around the time of the TV Movie, five consecutive *Missing Adventures* were explicit follow-ups to TV adventures. As David A McIntee admits, this wasn't always the author's intention, the original proposal often having changes imposed by the publisher – *Lords of the Storm*, for instance, was conceived as a Second Doctor Cyberman story. One storyline which *was* author-driven, Justin Richards' *The Sands of Time*, was inspired by Justin's feeling that "*Pyramids of Mars* was such a good story which had so much unexplored potential, such as the background to the Osirians . . . I was very interested in the Egyptology side of it anyway." Justin insists that it's possible to avoid pointless rehashes, if the writers "build on what went before rather than just repeating it . . . I think another important thing was that I used a different Doctor – if you feature the same Doctor you're far more open to those accusations." Nevertheless, over-reliance on familiar characters and settings might cosset the reader and narrow the scope. Gareth admits that "people need to be made to feel cosy, but only now and then", while Paul regrets that some aspects of *Goth Opera* might have encouraged this tendency. The phenomenon even contravenes the BBC's guidelines, which emphasise that: "the very nature of the programme took the Doctor to new places and threw new adversaries his way."

How do the diverse contributors feel about their work and the ranges in general now? Although Paul is happy with his one contribution, "I never went back, because the *Missing Adventures* always seemed to be a bit of a backwater, not where the action was, because you were limited to trying to pastiche TV styles in books – that still seems like a mad idea, but they keep on trying." Paul does, however, express admiration for Gareth's novels "because they work as prose with the familiar characters, and know they're absurd but love them at the same time." Keith believes that "when they were good,

"*The Missing Adventures* were more fun to write . . . I was fond of the characters more than anything else" Gareth Roberts

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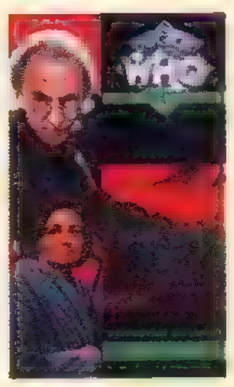

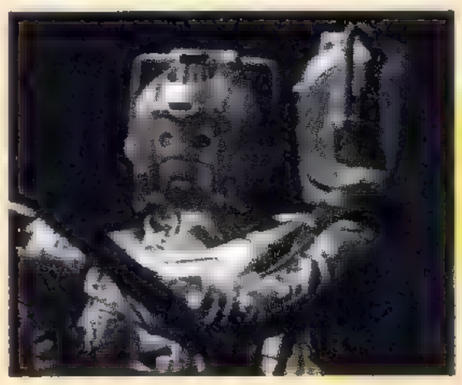

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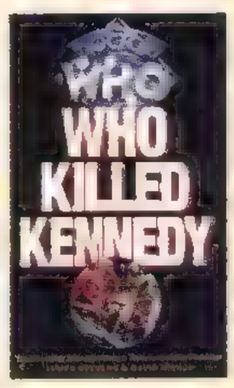

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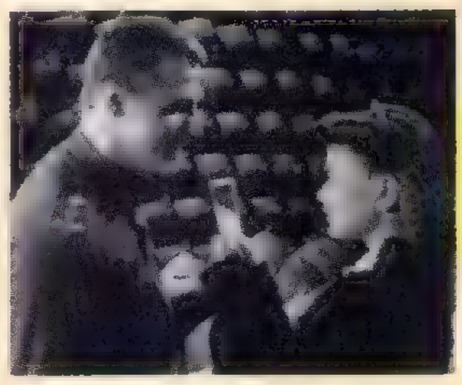

If you liked *The Curse of Fenric*, why not try . . .
The Man in the Velvet Mask?
For far crueller treatment of a companion

they were great" but admits "the *New Adventures* and now the Eighth Doctor novels have the edge in terms of imagination and scope. If the *New Adventures* are the future of *Doctor Who*, then the *Missing Adventures* and the previous Doctors novels are a nod to a glorious, and continuing past."

Gary is similarly positive, reckoning that "the *Doctor Who* fan-author mafia has taken over the McGann range, believing that they know better than the editors, and I'm loath to become part of that. I would like to do another McGann – I think [new companion] Fitz has potential – but it would be a stand-alone book, without any convoluted on-going threads." This viewpoint is neatly countered by Stephen Marley, who thinks "they shouldn't have tried to differentiate themselves too much from the *New Adventures*, I think that's led readers to imagine them as they would be done on television. People have a false impression of the original episodes, the majority of which were really short stories strung out. They should be true to the way the actors played the parts, that's the only restriction there should be. Get rid of the artificial distinctions and just write really good stories."

Paul is adamant that were he to contribute again it would be for the current Doctor only – "*Doctor Who* is alive while the format suggests new kinds of stories to young writers – the Eighth Doctor books continue to present new ideas." Gareth goes further, maintaining: "I did it too long! I'm glad I entertained people, but after five years I was dying to do something else . . . although *Doctor Who* on TV would be exciting."

Lawrence Miles' forthcoming *Interference* leaves *New Adventures* specialist Kate Orman as the only high-profile author never to have contributed to this particular range, so it's surprising to learn that she has considered the idea to the extent of developing two Sixth Doctor proposals – *The Empty House* and *The Pinocchio Virus* – for Virgin. However, Kate admits she is "more interested in trying to create the future than in recreating the past – my favourite Doctor tends to be the current one. I've toyed with the idea of a Seventh Doctor novel for the Beeb . . . but haven't thought about submitting anything." The status of *Interference* as a two-part release straddling the Eighth Doctor and 'past Doctors' series indicates a willingness to innovate. The Virgin range saw several such endeavours – *Lords of the Storm* functioned as a prequel to the *New Adventures* novelisation of the video project *Shakedown* – but *Interference* will be the first such venture where both halves are under the control of a single writer.

Those of a more traditional attitude might point to the very low placing in the **DWM** poll for challenging works like *Managra* and *The Man in the Velvet Mask* as evidence that these simply weren't what *Missing Adventures* readers wanted. Certainly the tendency has been for the more provocative writers – or those who had come onto the series from outside fan circles – to stick to *New Adventures*, whereas the *Missing Adventures* became home to fans happy to keep working on *Doctor Who*. Of the more popular novels, Gareth Roberts' work is very much in the period style and the remainder are either sequels or prequels to televised adventures. *The Sands of Time*, *The Scales of Injustice*, *Killing Ground* and *The Dark Path* were all in the **DWM** top ten, each seemingly the most acclaimed novel of the writer responsible. Such plaudits are often deserved – few of the popular *Missing Adventures* could be dismissed as unimaginative despite their second-hand origins. But, as Paul Cornell insists, if *Doctor Who* is to have any future at all it must challenge its audience rather than pander to it. "When all that's left to do is pastiche and multi-Doctor stories, then the show will be both completely owned by the fans and dead as a doornail. As long as the show can offend, then it's still alive." Being perceived to be provocative may have enhanced the *New Adventures*' popularity – there's a consensus that they sold better than the *Missing* series, although in fact sales of the Virgin ranges, and across the BBC ones, have been evenly spread.

Missing Adventures are no-one's idea of the ideal future for *Doctor Who*. Readers who regard the novels as existing only to satisfy a craving for the TV show – rather than replacing it – insist the novels should not deviate significantly from the source material, which could lead to retrospective, continuity-obsessed stagnation. Conflicts of authorial intent would seem to guard against this, and Steve Cole is adamant that "it's essential we don't mine a single course to the exclusion of all else – we're keeping the flame alive for all fans, not targeting a minority." While the show is still absent, few would deny the *Missing Adventures* their place. DWM

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The Telesnap Archive

During the seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost forever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

The Enemy of the World

Episode 6
by David Whitaker
Directed by Barry Letts
Transmitted 27 January 1968

Following a cry for help, Astrid finds the dying Swann lying near an opening in the ground. "Who did this to you?" she asks, noting his terrible injuries. "A man named Salamander," he replies weakly.

"Salamander?" she reacts. Swann points feebly to the tunnel entrance. "He did it, down there."

In the interrogation room, Bruce listens in disbelief to the Doctor's theory that Salamander has been attacking the world by creating 'natural' disasters. "I'm sure we'll find proof in the Records Room," the Doctor asserts.

"But that's where Salamander is," Bruce reminds him. "Well we shall have to wait until he comes out, won't we?" the Doctor remarks. Suddenly the door opens and Benik enters.

Trying to ease Swann's suffering, Astrid goes in search of water. "No, no," Swann warns as she heads into the tunnel, "Salamander's place, danger."

Once again 'Salamander', the Doctor berates Benik for interrupting. "You have to sign these passes for the hover truck food supply," says Benik. ". . . you always told me they had priority over everything," he continues.

"Oh, very well," the Doctor mumbles, taking the passes. Bruce, Jamie and Victoria watch as Benik remarks that the door to the Records Room is jammed – and asks 'Salamander' for his key.

The Doctor says he must have left the key inside; Benik suggests using the emergency key. The Doctor agrees, dismissing him. "That was close," says the Doctor. "Do you think he's on to us?" Jamie wonders. "I hope not," the Doctor replies . . .

The Doctor asks Bruce how many people are employed at the research centre. Six engineers and six guards at any one time, Bruce tells him. The Doctor hands him the passes: "Will you tell me why 30 people are catered for here?"

"The war, how bad was the war?" asks Swann. "War? I don't understand you," Astrid replies, helpless. "Listen, there are others, there are more people down the shaft," he gasps. "Salamander's kept us down there, prisoners."

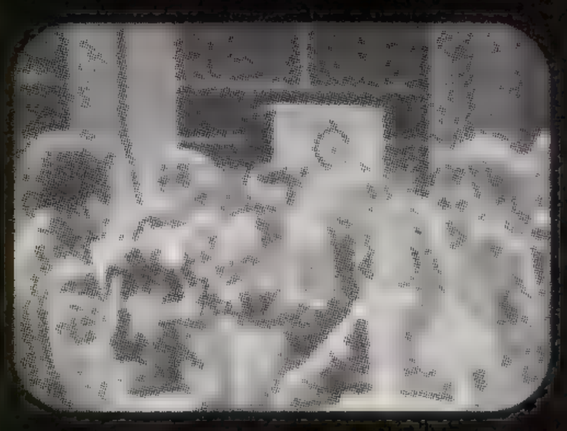
"Promise you'll bring them to the surface," he begs. "Swear it. You've got to swear it," he adds with his dying breath. "I swear it," she replies, bitterly.

As 'Salamander', the Doctor arranges for Jamie and Victoria to be freed and taken to the main gates. Bruce instructs them to call Forrester, his deputy. "Tell him where I am and just say 'redhead'," he states.

"Redhead? Is that your wife?" smirks Jamie. "It's our emergency call," snaps Bruce. Jamie apologises as the phone rings.

The Doctor answers as 'Salamander'; they have a visitor. "Now, Bruce," he announces confidently, "you're going to get your proof." But first, he ensures that Jamie and Victoria can get away. "What are you going to do?" asks Bruce.

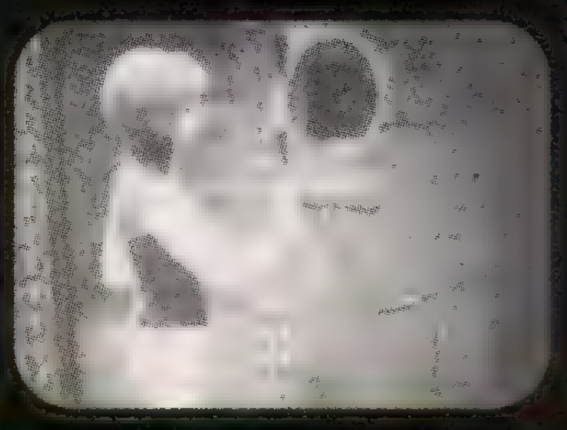
"You are to go straight to the TARDIS as soon as you can," the Doctor tells his companions. "What is this 'TARDIS?'" asks Bruce. "It's a sort of spacesh . . . *house* we live in," says Victoria. Bruce again asks what the Doctor intends to do.



In the underground shelter, the crates are still being unpacked . . .

Work is interrupted by the sound of the buzzer indicating the arrival of the elevator from the surface.

"He's coming back," Mary announces hopefully. "Right," says Colin, "this time I'm going to have it out with Salamander."



Examining a control panel, Astrid tries some of the switches . . .

. . . and finally hits the one which opens the door to the shelter. Seeing an unfamiliar face, the workers back away. Astrid calls out to them to come forward. "Keep away! Get back!" says a voice.

"I've come to help you," she says – but is attacked by the crowd, who fear she is contaminated by radiation. Colin fights through and calms the situation. Astrid thanks him, but he tells her not to move.

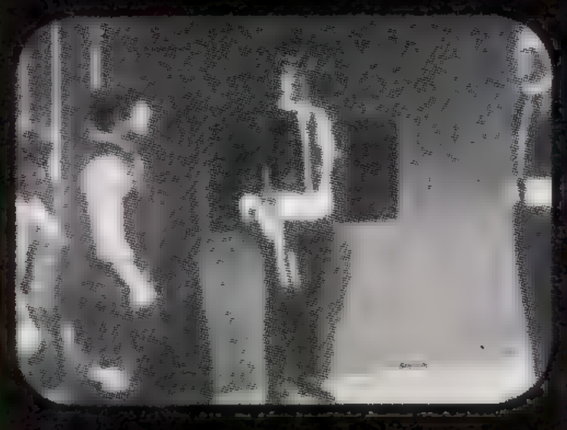
Astrid tries to tell the disbelieving crowd that Swann is dead, killed by Salamander – and that they are all being held prisoners.

Colin maintains they must decontaminate Astrid and directs her to the equipment in the office. "See, radiation," Colin remarks as Astrid enters the detector; the needle rises then falls to 'zero'. He tells her to come out.

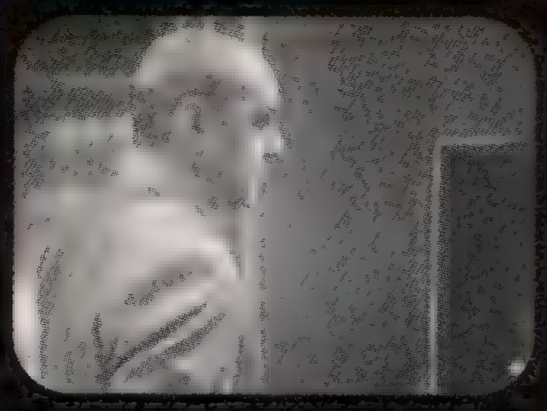
Leaving the detector, Astrid demonstrates that the machine is a fake, designed to convince them that there is radiation above ground. "He built it," says Mary, referring to Salamander. "He always uses it when he comes down."

Mary explains that the war is the cause of the radiation. "War? What war?" asks Astrid. "Where is he? Where's Salamander?" demands Colin angrily.

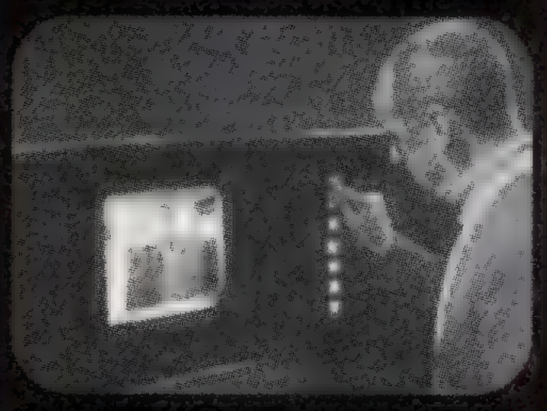
"That's just what I would like to know," replies Astrid.



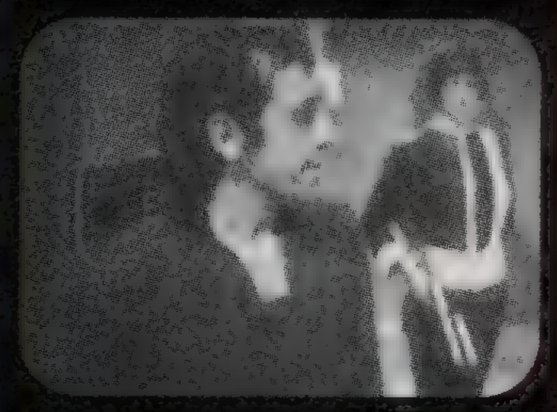
Above ground, the guard captain lets Jamie and Victoria go – then, suspicious, sends for Benik. Back in the shelter, Astrid prepares to take Colin and Mary to the surface to confront the man who started it all – face-to-face . . .



Kent walks purposefully towards the doors of the Records Room . . .



. . . opens the doors, and enters.



A guard tells Benik that one minute Salamander is locked in the Records Room, the next he's in the interrogation room: "It doesn't make sense, sir." "Of course it doesn't make sense if you haven't got any sense," Benik remarks . . .

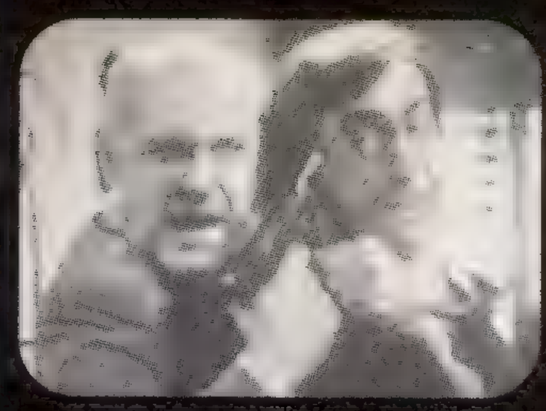
In the Records Room, Kent locks the doors – unaware of the Doctor's presence. Thinking the Doctor is Salamander, Kent says he and his friends intend to "fix" him for good. "You always were a tiresome man," 'Salamander' replies.

"Oh, so you going to kill me, huh? How petty. What good you think that will do?" continues the Doctor, rounding on Kent. "Hold it!" cries Kent, drawing a gun. Outside, Bruce tells Benik to get equipment to burn through the door.

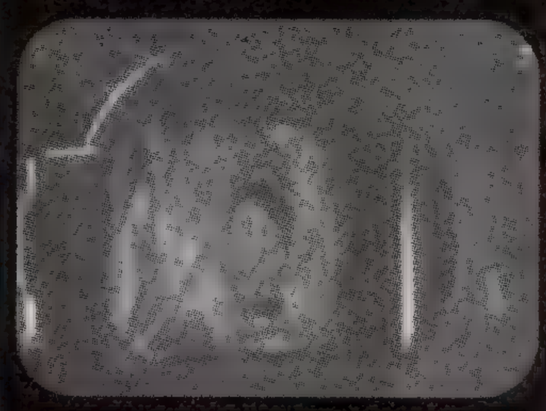
The sound of machinery outside distracts Kent from baiting 'Salamander'. "They don't appear to be having much success," he remarks, watching the guards trying to burn through. "You're trapped, aren't you?" says the Doctor.

Revealing the lift shaft, Kent says he's not forgotten Salamander's bolt-hole – he has a way out and a store of explosives. "Why didn't you tell me that before?" says the Doctor in his own voice. Astrid, Colin and Mary arrive in the lift . . .

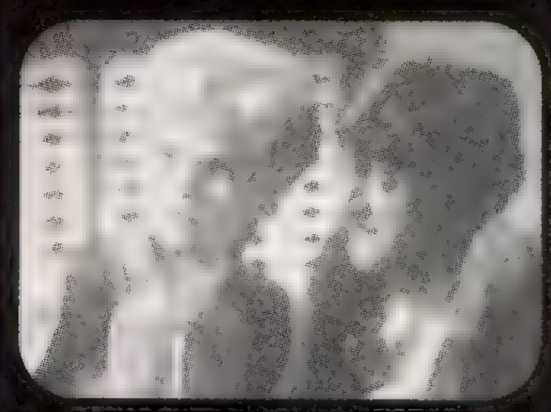
Kent built the shelter, taking people down for an 'endur ance test' who were then told by Salamander that an atomic war had started. The Doctor wasn't fooled by Kent – any man who resorts to murder so eagerly must be suspect.



"You didn't just want to expose Salamander, you wanted to kill him and take his place." says the Doctor. Pushing him away, Kent gets in the lift. "Stop him," says the Doctor, "he's going to try and blow the place up!"

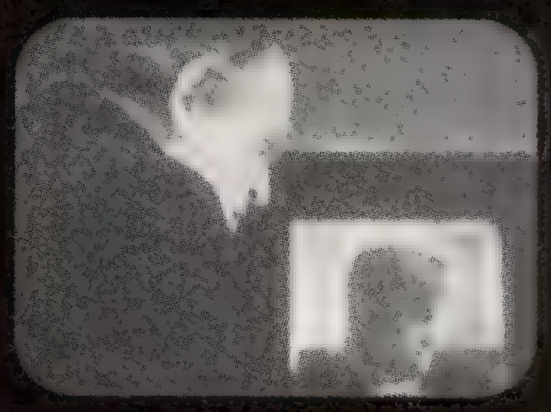


Unable to open the door for the heat, Astrid turns to the image on the monitor. "It looks like some sort of cave," observes the Doctor. "It's the escape route," notes Astrid – then points out Salamander's presence in the cave.



"I wonder if he knows Kent's on his way?" remarks the Doctor. Outside, Bruce is joined by his deputy, Forrester – and Benik is arrested.

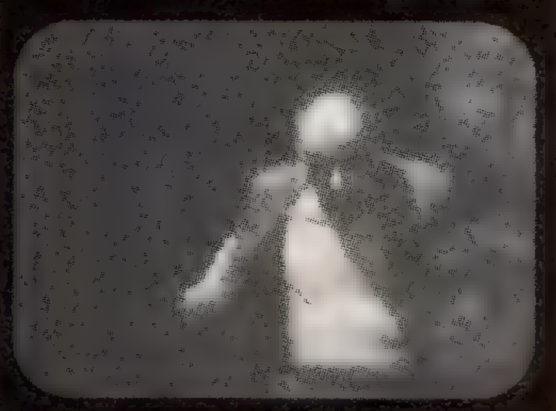
"Don't shoot, don't shoot," begs Benik, demanding to be given a fair trial. "What a nasty little man you are," says Bruce, ordering Forrester to detain all research personnel. The Doctor calls out to Bruce via the intercom . . .



. . . and tells him that he believes Kent is going to destroy the research centre; if they can't cut through the doors, Bruce and his men should save themselves. "There's no point in us all going up in smoke," he adds.

In the caves, Salamander jumps his former partner. Kent tries to reason with him; they are both fugitives. "So what you want me to do?" asks Salamander. "Bury our differences, hm? I didn't need you once, I still don't . . ."

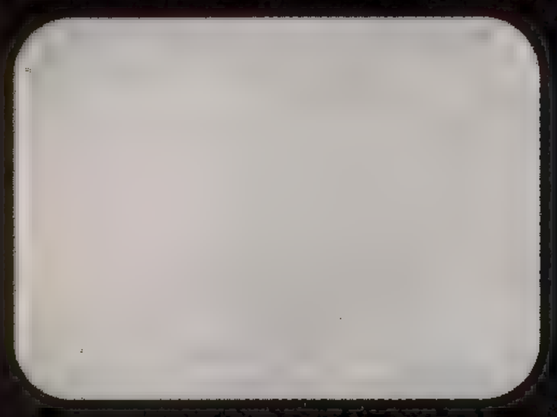
Kent explains that between them they could set off the explosives and destroy all the evidence. "Just you and me," he urges. "You and me?" Salamander replies. "What use are you to me? You were useful once, but now . . ."



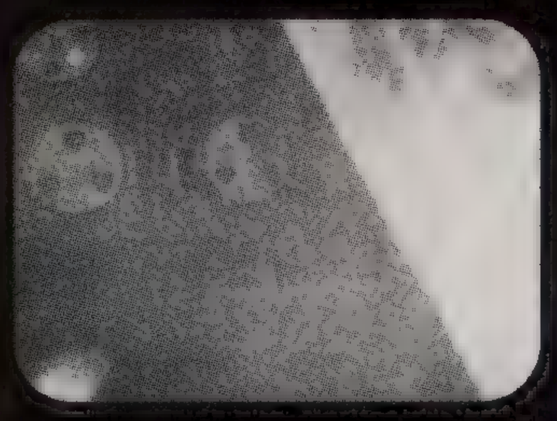
Salamander shoots at Kent; wounded, Kent tries to escape. "You won't get away from me, Kent," chuckles Salamander, following the injured man.

Kent staggers towards a communications console. Salamander appears. "I told you you could not escape me," he laughs, shooting Kent again. "Well, if I'm going to die," Kent gasps in pain, "you'll die with me."

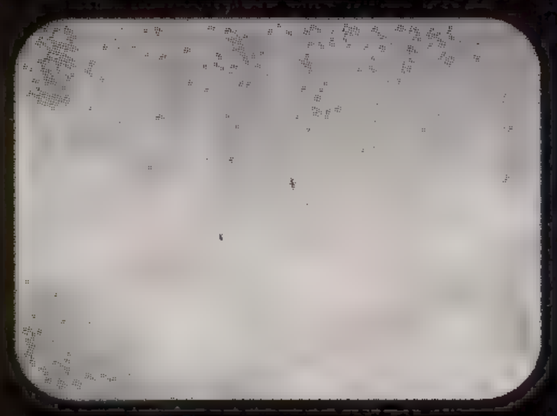
"No! No!" cries Salamander as Kent detonates the explosives . . .



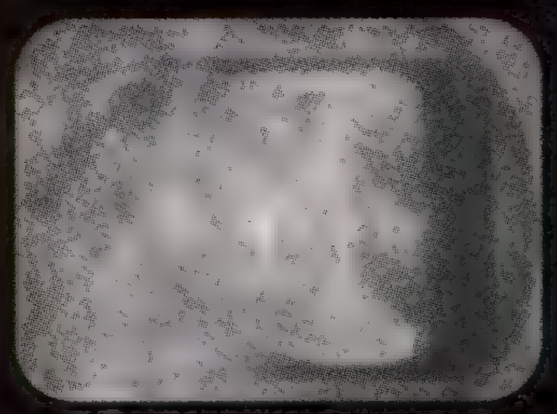
. . . and the caves go up in smoke.



A series of explosions rock the research centre – as the doors to the Records Room are finally breached . . .

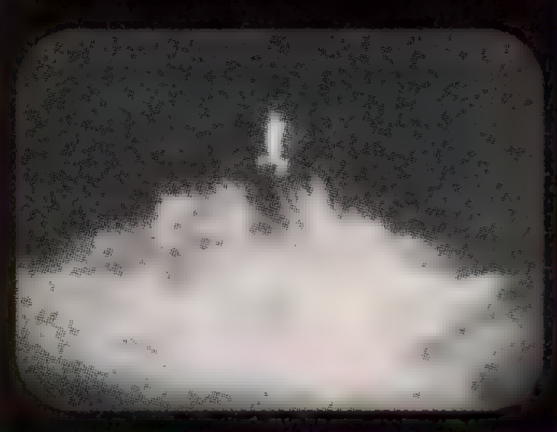


"Come on, Doctor, let's get out of here," cries Colin, supporting Mary. "The people," Astrid remembers – and tells the others of her promise to Swann.

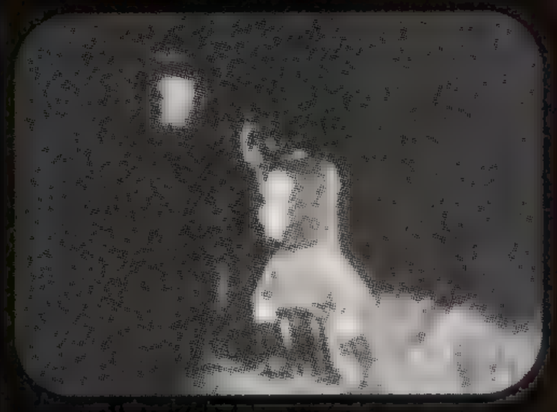


The Doctor finds a monitor with a link to the shelter; the inhabitants are still alive. "How are you going to get to them?" asks Bruce. "There's a tunnel from outside," reveals Astrid . . .

Astrid offers to lead a rescue team. The Doctor volunteers to go with her – but the survivors might mistake him for Salamander. "Oh yes," he agrees, nursing a cut to his face; she asks if he's hurt, but he assures her he's alright.

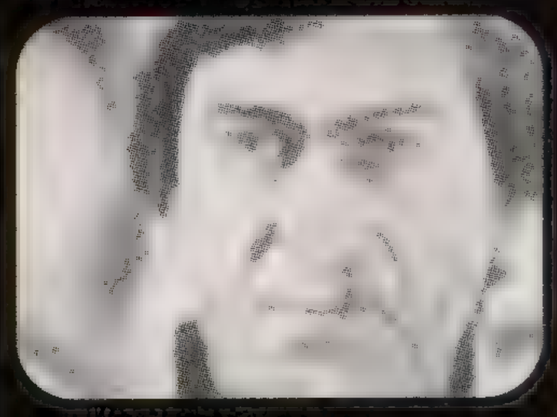


A familiar figure walks across a darkened beach towards the TARDIS . . .



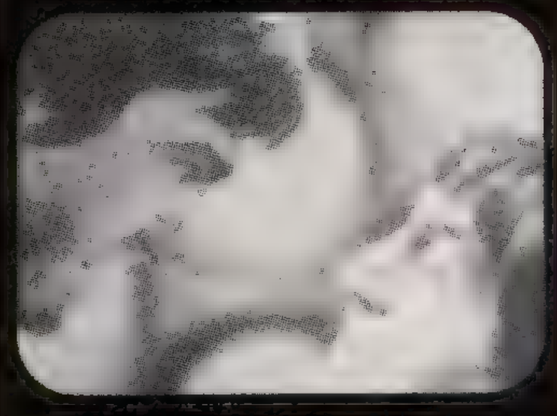
"I thought you were never coming," says Jamie. "Hey Doctor, are you alright?" he adds, receiving no reply. Inside the TARDIS, Jamie tells the new arrival he suspects they were followed.

Victoria is relieved to be reunited – but wants to leave right away. The silent figure gestures to Jamie to operate the console. "Me, Doctor?" says Jamie, curious. "But you said we were never to touch the controls."

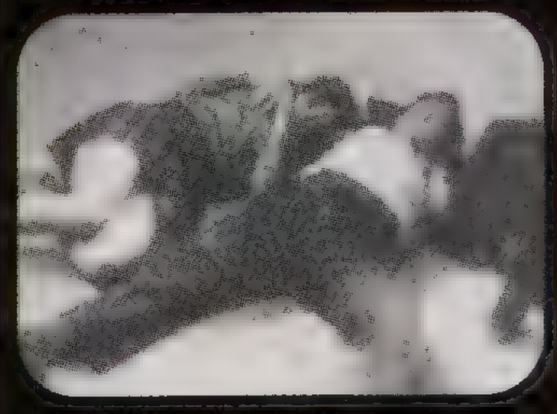


A familiar voice sounds from the doors: "Quite right, Jamie . . . Welcome to the TARDIS," says the Doctor. "Thank you," replies Salamander, "you did so well impersonating me, I thought I might return the compliment."

"And Giles Kent?" the Doctor enquires. "Unfortunately, didn't survive the explosion," Salamander imparts. "We're going to put you outside, Salamander," the Doctor informs him. "No friends, no safety, nothing."

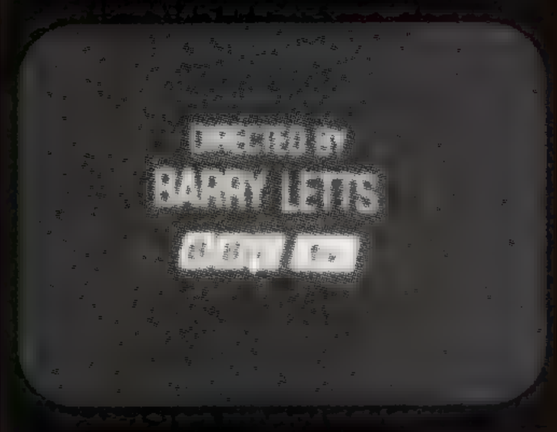


"You'll run, but they'll catch up with you," he adds. "No!" exclaims Salamander, lunging at the Doctor. "And now I'm going to kill you."



Jamie goes to aid the Doctor as Salamander tries to operate the TARDIS. The ship's dematerialisation is laboured. Suddenly the doors fly open. The ship pitches violently – and a force drags them all towards the void outside . . .

Dragged inexorably towards the open doors, Salamander is sucked out. The dictator screams as his body spins into oblivion . . .



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The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

Rider From Shang-tu? _Mission to the Unknown_? _Tenth Planet_ 4? _Fury_ 6? Maybe, just maybe. _En route_ to the National Lottery show celebrating _The Lion_'s return, Jackie, Chas and Nigel ponder those lucky chances missed . . .

Wednesday 10 February

11am *Doctor Who*-related news is usually heard first by a family member who, muddled by our questioning, paraphrases the report without, frustratingly, retaining any of its details. Consequently, being told they've found an old William Hartnell in New Zealand heralded a shocking revelation which would turn fandom upon its head much more than the mere discovery of a missing episode.

With levity, Ceefax clarified the situation and there followed, among those interested, much talking up of both *The Lion*'s recovery and *The Crusade* itself – an enthusiasm that hopefully concealed our failure to recall the last time the story even threatened to enter conversation.

Sat in a train, next to Nigel and opposite Chas, *The Crusade* had further intruded. Without the inclination to review its third instalment, or return to Whitaker's novelisation, Chas had, on hearing of the midweek Lottery show's intention to focus upon the find, secured three of its studio tickets.

However, it'd become apparent, with what must have seemed to observers ungrateful speed, that we viewed *The Lion*'s reappearance as of more symbolic importance than reason for street celebrations.

Uncovered at a collector's fair with a humiliatingly feeble price tag, and about as far away from home as you can get without leaving the planet, it verified our solid, if battered, belief that the status of an absent episode is more elusive than it is missing. It proved, even with regrets, tears and anxieties, that one day they shall come back, and we were not mistaken. It justified our prattle, the effort employed in vivid, verbal reconstructions, the hours wasted on wishful conversations. But most satisfying of all, reaching for Worldwide's recent video, *The Missing Years*, it made it possible to fast-forward to an ardent fan's cheerless and crushing claim that it is unreasonable to think anything other than that there will always being 110 missing episodes, and shout "Wrong! . . . Wrong! . . . Still wrong!" as you play it over and over again.

Yet, within minutes of our first discussion, dissent could be heard. How telling it was when Chas, a month ago, pulled from his coat pocket an article cut from a broadsheet which had, at the bottom of a report that stretched the diameter of a round, Moon and Mushroom table, a boxed addendum listing sought-after episodes suggesting that if an alternative to *The Lion* had been found, *The Crusade* still wouldn't have featured among them.

Chas glanced across the aisle to the opposite window. "Does that landscape look CSOed to you?"

Nigel asked whether I thought the Lottery would trail *The Lion* with a clip.

"Bound to." There followed a pause in which, in order to fill it, we all took a drink.

"Oh, sod it," he said, caving in to the truth of the situation. "I wish it was *Tenth Planet* 4."

How different this was from 1992. Who, on *The Tomb of the Cybermen*'s discovery, would've

wished for its substitution? Despite worthier scripts, of which *The Crusade* was one, and clear evidence of more historically important absentees, *Tomb* was all-consuming. It *was* the 'missing episodes'; it had become synonymous with them.

Chas claims, as with the Snakedancers and the Mara, that *Tomb*'s reappearance was due to combined mental energy; wished for for so long and by so many, sheer force of will had recreated it – or, at the very least, pulled it 20 years or so back through time. Admittedly fantastic, after an exhaustive search of the world's television archives had apparently drawn a blank, it better explains the statistical unlikeliness of that story, above all, turning up complete and in such condition.

Subsequently, failure to perform the trick again has been blamed on fandom's inability to form a consensus on which story it now considers the most missing. But if fans can exert such mystic power, then the unholy mess created from our now divided preferences is expected to turn up ten years into the new millennium, with a rushed DVD release from Worldwide to follow three months later. It will play like *Noel's House Party* and be as much use to us as a chocolate teapot or a three-dimensional charity skit – but, like *The Lion*, will, I imagine, still interrupt the video schedules regardless of it being nine years since the final standard release.

I put it to my travelling companions that awaiting *The Lion* on video was a further example of *Doctor Who*'s past doubling for its present and future – and that with the technology already available, and the affordability that time would lend, the schedules of 2010 could continue to capitalise on the old without waiting for its discovery or accepting its current catalogue's near-exhaustion.

Having completed the range in the VHS format and, with greater speed, reissued selected titles for the dominant DVD market, BBC Worldwide – with, of course, much initial fan resistance – will inevitably turn to a programme of visual enhancement, extensive re-masterings which leap beyond the *Five Doctors Special Edition*'s timid exchange of effects. Proved commercially viable by the curious, less precious and a growing fresh audience, intelligently chosen releases could look in the next millennium as your Target books read in the last.

A remastered *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, an economic exercise due to the prehistoric beasts' brief, now CGIed, appearances, would finally allow the adventure to be showcased as one of the most enjoyable of its era; a colourised *Aztecs* that, with a wealth of colour photographs for reference, would arguably be nearer to the original's intended splendour than the monochrome version its makers were forced to accept.

Overlay a new Skarasen, Myrka and Kroll; drop in the shadows, the claustrophobia missing from *Tomb*. Throw colour and reflection at flatly-lit studios. Give Metebelis 3 its blue, Karn its thunder and Sarn its burn; like the fledgling techniques employed on *Survival*'s Cheetah Planet, fill its skies with fire and our vision with the haze of its heat. Cloud the heavens of Logopolis with the rush of entropy, cast darkness in its pathways, lend it weight, tremble and agitate and corrode its image. Re-edit and re-score – productions like *Battlefield* and *Silver Nemesis* need fewer scenes, not more. Top and tail them, blend them, overcut and underrun them. Like Lovett Bickford, *The Leisure Hive*'s director, abandon the stretchmarks of 25 minutes if better is achievable in less.

"If I won four million . . ." began Chas. But his expectations were interrupted by Nigel's wanting Carol Smillie.

Oh, so many crusades.

UNNATURAL BORN KILLERS

THE SOUND OF LASER FIRE SNAPS ME ***AWAKE***, BUT I RISE ***SLOWLY***, MY SOLAR REGENERATION CYCLE ONLY ***HALF-COMPLETE***.

THIS IS NOT A GOOD START TO THE DAY. A ***SONTARAN WILD PACK*** ARE GRINDING THE VILLAGERS BENEATH THEIR ***JACKBOOTS***.

THE MONSTERS ARE OUT TO TEST THEIR ***MANHOOD***...

STORY & ART: ***ADRIAN SALMON***
LETTERING: ***ELITTA FELL***
EDITORS: ***GARY G, ALAN B & SCOTT G***

THEIR ***FIELD MAJOR*** WANTS THE LOCAL ***CHAMPION***.

MY FRIEND ***KAHLOR*** OFFERS THE HAND OF ***PEACE*** INSTEAD.

YEAH, ***RIGHT***.

THE EFFORT'S ***WASTED*** ON THESE ***BUTCHERS***.

THE MAJOR GOES ***BALLISTIC***.

HE WANTS A ***WAR***, BUT IF HE CAN'T ***GET*** ONE, HE'LL SETTLE FOR THE ***CONSOLATION PRIZE***...

GENOCIDE.

BUT I'M ***FULLY REVIVED*** NOW, MISTER. SO IF IT'S A ***FIGHT*** YOU WANT...

... I'LL BE HAPPY TO *OBLIGE*.

THEY LOOK *SURPRISED*. *GOOD*.

THEIR *GENETIC PROGRAMMING'S* KICKING IN. THEY'RE BECOMING *ONE UNIT*, CENTERING ON *ME*.

YOU THINK I'LL BE JUST LIKE THE *REST* OF MY KIND, DON'T YOU? *LUMBERING*... *UNFEELING*...

GUESS AGAIN. I'M ONE OF A KIND. I'VE GOT A *SOUL*. AND I'VE SEEN THIS KIND OF SLAUGHTER *BEFORE*.

HELL, I'VE BEEN *RESPONSIBLE* FOR IT.

NEVER AGAIN.

AS THE SAYING GOES...

... *RESISTANCE* IS *USELESS*.

AS LONG AS THEY STAY FOCUSED ON ME, THE VILLAGERS ARE *SAFE*...

...SO I MAKE SURE I HAVE THEIR ***UNDIVIDED ATTENTION***.

FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS, IT'S ALMOST ***FUN***.

THAT'S THE ***LAST*** OF 'EM, APART FROM THEIR ***LEADER***. WHERE'D HE ***GO***?

OH, THE MAJOR'S GRABBED A ***HOSTAGE***. WHAT A ***WAR HERO***.

BUT THE KID KNOWS THE ***MOVES***. WE'VE ***PRACTICED*** THEM ENOUGH.

ATTABOY!

THE MAJOR'S LOST ANY CONTROL HE MIGHT HAVE HAD.

HE JUST WANTS MY SHINY HEAD ON A ***PLATE***.

BIG MAN...

BIG WORDS...

SMALL VENT.

BUT THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE ***HE*** CAME FROM...

LOGICALLY, THEIR SHIP SHOULD BE CLOSE BY...

TO HELL WITH LOGIC.

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THEY'RE HOLED UP ON HIGH GROUND.

I MAKE THE TOP OF THE CLIFF IN UNDER THREE MINUTES.

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE SCENIC ROUTE.

CHRISTMAS!

THAT THING'S BIG!

HAVE TO KEEP MOVING. CAN'T GIVE HIM A TARGET.

FIND SOME LEVERAGE...

THE TANK'S A GOOD PIECE OF TECHNOLOGY...

TOO BAD THERE'S A MONKEY AT THE WHEEL.

YEAH, THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE A *REALLY* BAD DAY...

THAT'S NO *SCOUT SHIP* – THEY MUST BE PLANNING A *COLONISATION*. MAYBE THE *CONTINENT*. MAYBE THE WHOLE *PLANET*.

A COUPLE OF GRUNTS AT THE FRONT DOOR TRY TO PERSUADE ME TO STOP.

TWO MORE IN THE INNER AIRLOCK...

I CAN SEE *LIGHT* UP AHEAD...

NOW *THIS* LOOKS FAMILIAR...

THERE'S GOT TO BE A ***FULL-SCALE INVASION FORCE*** OF CLONES SLEEPING IN THESE TANKS. ***THOUSANDS*** OF THE SUCKERS.

BUT UNTIL THEY WAKE UP, THEY'RE ***HELPLESS.***

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO ACCESS THE ***MAIN COMPUTER CORE*** FROM THIS CONSOLE.

I SENSE THEM BEFORE I EVEN SEE THEIR UGLY MUGS. LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GUESSED WHAT I'M UP TO.

TOO LATE.

SELF-DESTRUCT IN SIXTY SECONDS AND COUNTING...

IF MY DATA LOGS ARE CORRECT, A SONTARAN WARSHIP TRANSMITS A CONSTANT ***BIO-ENERGY FEED*** TO ITS GROUND TROOPS. BREAKING IT IS LIKE CUTTING AN ***UMBILICAL CORD.***

THE SOLDIERS BACK AT THE VILLAGE SHOULD BE WAKING UP TO THE ***WORST MIGRAINE*** IN HISTORY.

IT WON'T BE PRETTY.

I'M GREETED WITH A ***HERO'S WELCOME*** WHEN I GET BACK. MY FRIENDS ARE GOING TO BE PARTYING HARD TONIGHT.

THEIR EMOTIONS ARE AT FEVER PITCH. THEY'RE SO DAMNED ***HAPPY.***

BUT I CAN'T SHARE IT.

THEIR JOY JUST REMINDS ME OF HOW MUCH I'VE ***LOST.***

ALL THEY'RE DOING IS UNEARTHING VAGUE ***MEMORIES...***

...FROM TIMES BEST ***FORGOTTEN.***

I'M CALLED ***KROTON...***

I CAN'T REMEMBER MY REAL NAME.

THE END.

Helping to cast Sylvester McCoy in the series' lead in *Time and the Rani*, then going on to oversee his cast-iron classic *Remembrance of the Daleks*, eighties *Doctor Who* director **Andrew Morgan** was indisputably the Seventh Doctor's man – as **Peter Griffiths** discovers . . .

Touc

Andrew Morgan is without doubt one of the more important directors in *Doctor Who*'s history. He was responsible for successfully realising two key events in its last years: the arrival of Sylvester McCoy as the Seventh Doctor in *Time and the Rani*, and the triumphant all-guns-blazing return of the Daleks in *Remembrance of the Daleks*. Of course, these stories were just two more jobs in a very busy career, but when we met over coffee at BAFTA in London, Andrew's quiet fondness for *Doctor Who* was evident – as was his initial concern over the special effects.

"I enjoyed my stories enormously. I'd worked with Colin Baker on a very successful series called *Swallows and Amazons Forever* – while *Doctor Who* was on a break, I think – so it had always been a possibility that I would direct a set of episodes. I'd known John Nathan-Turner, the producer, quite a long time. He offered me *Time and the Rani* in 1987, and that was a challenge because I'd never done anything with all these post-production gizmos. By today's standards the effects were pretty basic – I use them all the time now – but back then they were new and exciting to me. I remember sitting around a big table with all these experts telling me that I had to lock off the camera and not move it, and this and that. I did what I was told and made the programme, and to my mind *Time and the Rani* looked pretty static and dull! I was disappointed and quite cross that I'd been hoodwinked to make life easier for the technicians!

"Luckily, John asked me to do *Remembrance of the Daleks* the next year, so when we had the meeting around the table for that story and they started telling me what to do, I said, 'Oh no, this is what happened last time. This time I'm telling you what to do. I'm moving the bloody camera and you've got to sort it out.' They sat there, tutting about this difficult bugger. But I knew a lot more about effects, so I moved my camera and only locked it off when the effect was needed. I felt much more free, and I thought that second story was pretty good and successful as a result."

Glaister then offered me *Secret Army*. I was offered the *Blake's 7* episode at the same time. I wanted to do them both, and I managed to fix it so I could do the exterior filming – *Secret Army* in Brussels and *Blake's 7* in Yorkshire – and then the studios for each." BBC documentation indicates that Andrew was quickly asked back for *Blake's 7*'s third season cliffhanger, *Terminal*, but he was unfortunately booked up on other series. This busy schedule also prevented him from accepting John Nathan-Turner's offer to direct *Time-Flight* in 1981. Six years later, he was available for Sylvester McCoy's debut story, and found himself involved in a much more complex pre-production process than usual. "I remember there were a few problems, but Pip and Jane were old pros who did the job very quickly. I remember Sylv was very good at playing the spoons, so that was incorporated, as was the change-over scene at the beginning. There was a time when we were hoping to get Colin to come in and do it, but for some reason he didn't want to and we had to fudge something up. I think I wanted to use a clip of Colin from the previous series and then put all the post-production over it, but in the event Sylvester was there in a wig and we did a kind of early morphing effect on him."

A vital part of any director's job is working with his cast, but *Time and the Rani* called for a

"Sylvester was quite experimental, trying different things. I think he was grateful for any little thing I could suggest"

was there during all of the casting process and screen tests for the new Doctor. The four candidates learned a couple of specially-written scenes, and there was a costume supervisor who talked to each of them about how they wanted to look. They didn't get to see how each other looked. I think we shot the tests in the *Newsnight* studio or something after it had finished, with the actors doing their bits to cameras with Bonnie Langford [Mel]. Part of the Doctor is his quirkiness, and they were all quirky in their different ways. There was Ken Campbell and Chris Jury [later cast as Deadbeat in *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*], and Dermot Crowley who was very good, but in my opinion Sylvester was head-and-shoulders above the others.

"I liked Sylvester a lot. I've worked with him since. He was doing a show at Sky Television

good deal of collaboration between Andrew and Sylvester McCoy as they hammered out the new Doctor's character. "Sylvester was quite experimental, trying different things. He took direction extremely well, and I think he was grateful for any little thing I could suggest. It was a new experience for both of us. I don't think I was that much help, but we got on well together and bolstered each other up, having a laugh."

Andrew assembled a strong cast to help both he and Sylvester along. "Wanda Ventham [Faroon] was lovely. I had great fun with her and Donald [Pickering, playing Beyus], chattering away. I went on holiday once to Rhodes, and Don was the first person I saw when we got to the villa. Mark Greenstreet [Ikona] was very nice, too. I saw Karen Clegg [Sarn] just the other day – I knew her from *42nd Street*.

hed by genius

A view shared by a great many fans. *Doctor Who* was not Andrew's first stab at television science fiction, however. Soon after he became a director, he found himself working on the BBC's popular seventies space saga, *Blake's 7*. "I'm quite clear on that episode, *Children of Auron*, because it was right at the beginning of my career. I'd worked my way up to being a PA, and after about 11 years, I had a shot at doing the BBC internal directors course. I'd never really seen myself as being a director – I wanted to be a producer. But I felt the best producers had all had the experience of directing, so I did the course, absolutely fell in love with directing and have since never wanted to do anything else.

"I did some episodes of *Softly, Softly*, and Gerry

while I was there for a couple of days, and we met up for a drink. I'm always on the lookout for a part for him. I found something a few years back which would have been smashing actually, but the company didn't take the show up. There was a lot of publicity for him on the Rani story, but I never minded because it was always good for the show. John Nathan-Turner was very strong on that side of things."

As Season Twenty-Four had been commissioned very late in the day, *Time and the Rani* was something of a rush job for writers Pip and Jane Baker – and their first drafts were completed without knowledge of the new star's identity. "I think they were pleased with the script in the end. I joined before it had been finalised and I

"Then there was Kate O'Mara, playing the Rani. She had a lovely sense of humour, very professional and good company. She had to impersonate Bonnie's character, and in rehearsals she said, 'How am I going to do this? Bonnie, help me!' Bonnie would say a line and then Kate would say it, trying to get into the character. When we came to do it there wasn't time for any of that, she just got up and did it like the trouper she is. I think Bonnie was quite amused! I also remember Kate hurt her back while being held upside down for an effects shot [the Rani being held captive by the Tetraps]. We were very worried, but she was alright after a rest."

Andrew Cartmel, script editor during Sylvester

Kate O'Mara (the Rani) and Sylvester McCoy (the Doctor) receive notes on the Rani's Laboratory set. *Time and the Rani*

The Doctor in the Centre of Leisure with Lakertyans Ikona (Mark Greenstreet) and Lanisha (John Segal). *Time and the Rani*

A Tetrap seeks his quarry. *Time and the Rani*

McCoy's tenure, has gone on record as saying that he believed the lighting was a disappointment in many *Doctor Who* stories. Does Andrew agree? "Er, yes, I think that's very true. The world of lighting for videotape has come on leaps and bounds in recent years. If you're using single camera, as by and large we are, you should be able to light specifically for the shot, like a film. Studio tape stuff was always over-lit. I'm using a film cameraman for what I'm doing next, even though it's being shot on Betacam. I defy the general public to tell the difference these days.

"It helped on *Time and the Rani* that we had a very good designer, Geoff Powell. He used to design all his sets on the back of a cigarette packet in the BBC bar at lunchtime. I didn't understand much of what he said to me, but I thought his designs were very good. We did a lovely high shot during the Outside Broadcast where he lit fires and candles while the Doctor crossed some stepping stones to enter the headquarters of the . . . Lakertyans? The Lakertyans!"

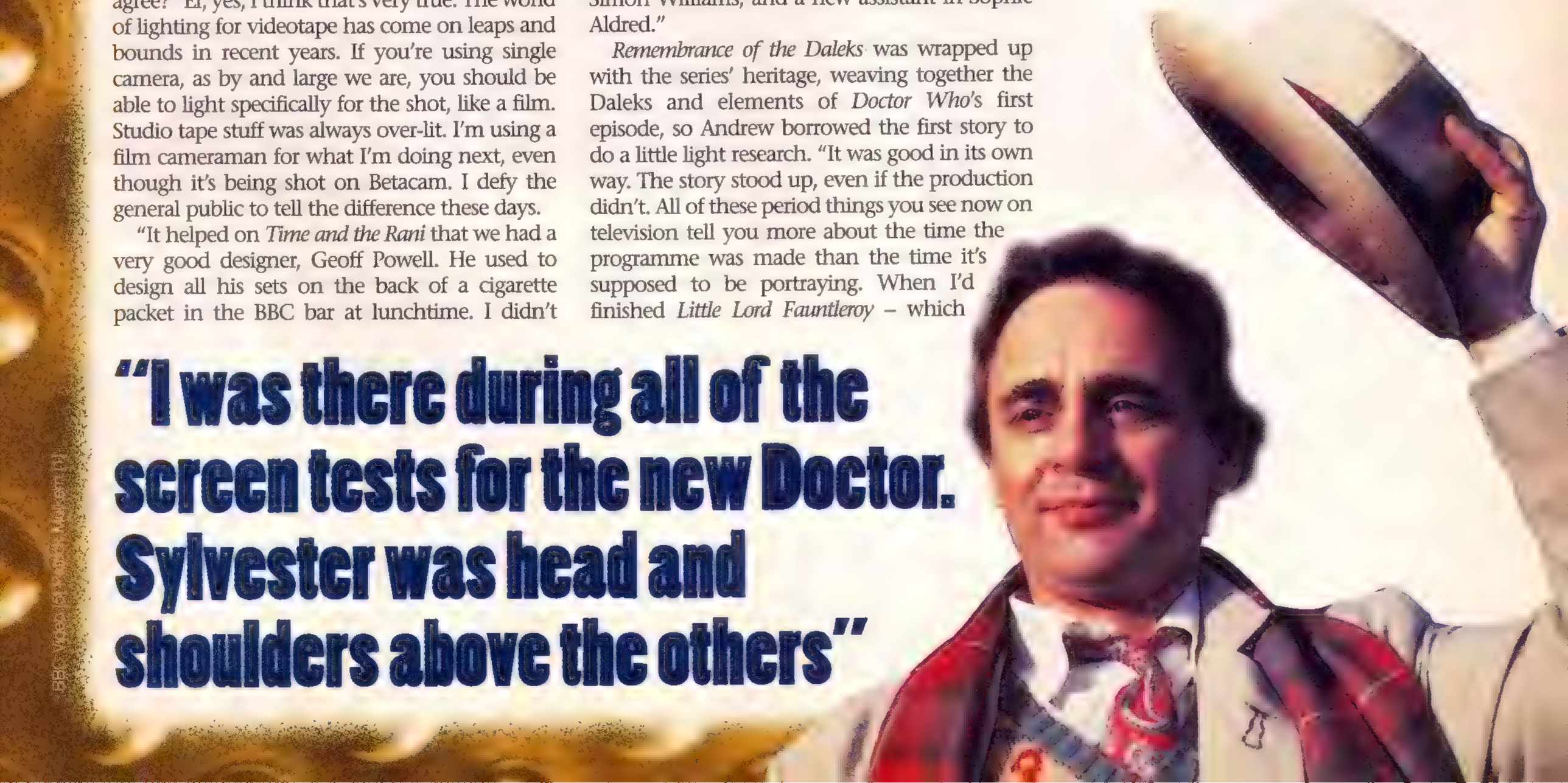
Intensive as it was, Andrew looks back on *Time and the Rani* as a great learning experience. "There was one point where we were going to add on this special effects sphere with Bonnie Langford in it, bouncing all over the place, and I remember telling the cameraman to pan across this empty quarry so we could add it all in later with a model and cut-ins of Bonnie screaming. I stood there during that thinking, 'What am I doing? This is crazy!' Technically the story was alright, not brilliant. It was a big job and a worrying time, but in retrospect it was great fun."

And evidently a success, as the producer invited Andrew back to direct *Remembrance of the Daleks*, the opening story of *Doctor Who*'s 25th season. "I was excited when John asked me if I'd be interested in another one, because he told me it would be with the Daleks and part of the quarter-century season. I approached it with more confidence. The story was much more fun – much better, I think. I was more experienced, as was Sylv, and we had a great cast led by dear Simon Williams, and a new assistant in Sophie Aldred."

Remembrance of the Daleks was wrapped up with the series' heritage, weaving together the Daleks and elements of *Doctor Who*'s first episode, so Andrew borrowed the first story to do a little light research. "It was good in its own way. The story stood up, even if the production didn't. All of these period things you see now on television tell you more about the time the programme was made than the time it's supposed to be portraying. When I'd finished *Little Lord Fauntleroy* – which won an international Emmy and changed my life a bit – I looked at the original BBC Sunday programme and it was so different. It was all studio-based with location inserts. Funnily enough, we used the same locations as they did."

The various locations for *Remembrance of the Daleks* presented challenges of their own. "Ian Fraser, my production manager, found this great location for the Totters Lane yard [first seen in debut episode *An Unearthly Child*] at the back of the pumping station at Kew Bridge. It was perfect, but after we'd organised it and done the recce, the sound man said it was impossible because of the planes going over. We were very worried about it but as luck would have it, the wind blew from the east the whole time we were there and we didn't get any plane noise at all.

"We had chosen a cobbled location for Mr Ratcliffe's yard, and we were rather worried about the Daleks going over them. Stuart Brisdon, who was the special effects designer, said, 'Don't worry, I'll make you an all-terrain Dalek!' He used these big wheelbarrow wheels instead of castors, but when it came to shooting and the little man got inside the Dalek, there was no room for him to move his feet at all. It was a complete failure, and poor Stuart got very frustrated and had to put the castors back on and tracking boards down!



"I was there during all of the screen tests for the new Doctor. Sylvester was head and shoulders above the others"

"He then let off this enormous explosion under Waterloo East railway station. It was a Bank Holiday Monday. Stuart had put in too much of the explosive and the Fire Brigade turned up with about 15 ambulances. They closed the station and it hit the papers, it was so big. I just stepped back and let Ian Fraser deal with it! He did so beautifully while Sylvester and I slipped away for a quick drink in the pub!"

Remembrance of the Daleks deals with two factions of Daleks, and reveals some hitherto unseen Dalek tricks. "We had good Daleks and bad Daleks, as I recall. It was all rather convoluted. I had the Daleks going up stairs, which I was rather proud of, and Terry Molloy popped out of the Emperor as Davros at the end. When we came to do the Dalek voices in a voice-over session afterwards, I thought it would be a great wheeze to get these guys to do a message for my answering machine: 'You-will-leave-a-message-or-you-will-be-exterminated'. I put it on the machine but no messages were ever left!

"We had the Dalek spaceship taking off from the school playground, and in many ways it was the easiest effect, just lifting it up and then masking out the wire. I remember also that there was a problem with the scene at the end, where the last Dalek is destroyed. I thought that as there were so many gunshots and killings [in the rest of the story], it would be nice to do it a bit differently, by the Doctor talking to it. I put this forward and Sylv and John liked it, so that's what we did."

And what of new assistant Ace? I wondered about the differences between Bonnie Langford and Sophie Aldred. "Well, there's a great difference between Bonnie and anybody! Sophie was much more gung-ho – she wanted to do her own stunts, and went for it completely. Not that Bonnie was ever not like that, but Sophie's character was much more right-on, with the chunky radio she used to carry around, the nitro gel and the baseball bat. She was a more macho character, and probably Sophie was a bit like that in real life. I loved them both."

Remembrance of the Daleks assembled one of the best guest casts of any *Doctor Who* story, including George Sewell, Pamela Salem and the aforementioned Simon Williams. How did Andrew attract such notable actors to the series? "Well, I have a theory that if you offer a part to a reasonably well-known actor too early on – a long time before shooting – they'll usually say no because they're on the lookout for something better. So it's a matter of timing. The second thing is that if you know the actor's work, you don't bring them in to read and say you're seeing several others etc. You just offer them the part and give them the dates, and if they're available you invite them to come and do it. They usually say 'yes' if they are available.

"I can't recall ever having a bad time with actors. I make it my business to get on with them. I turned down a place at university to go to RADA, where I did the two-year course in 1962. Ronald Pickup was in the class, and Anthony Hopkins was leaving just as I arrived. We both came from the same part of Wales, and we're still friends. But I was no juvenile lead – I was much more a character actor – and I realised I'd be 40 before I earned a living. So when I got a job in York rep, both playing parts and assistant stage managing, and had the opportunity to run the summer season theatre at Scarborough, I took it. I think I got paid £11 a week. I went back to York as a stage director, and that's where I met my bride-to-be. We got married, and I then got a job at the BBC as a holiday relief AFM."

One role that would surely have been problematic to cast in *Remembrance* was the schoolgirl controlled by the Daleks. "Well, I knew Jasmine Breaks socially – I was a friend of her parents – and she was the right age and wanted to be an actress. I had her come in and audition, and she was OK, not brilliant. She looked and acted fine but the voice was something we had to work on. I basically went through it line-by-line with her, telling her how the dialogue should be said, getting her to put it down on tape. It worked out very well. Jasmine has now finished drama school and is working quite successfully.

"I've been doing a lot of children's classics recently, historical shows like *The Prince and the Pauper* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and actually one of the biggest problems is finding children who speak with a standard English accent. Most kids and young people today talk this kind of Estuary English where every sentence ends with a ques-

"Kate O'Mara was good company and very professional – she had a great sense of humour"

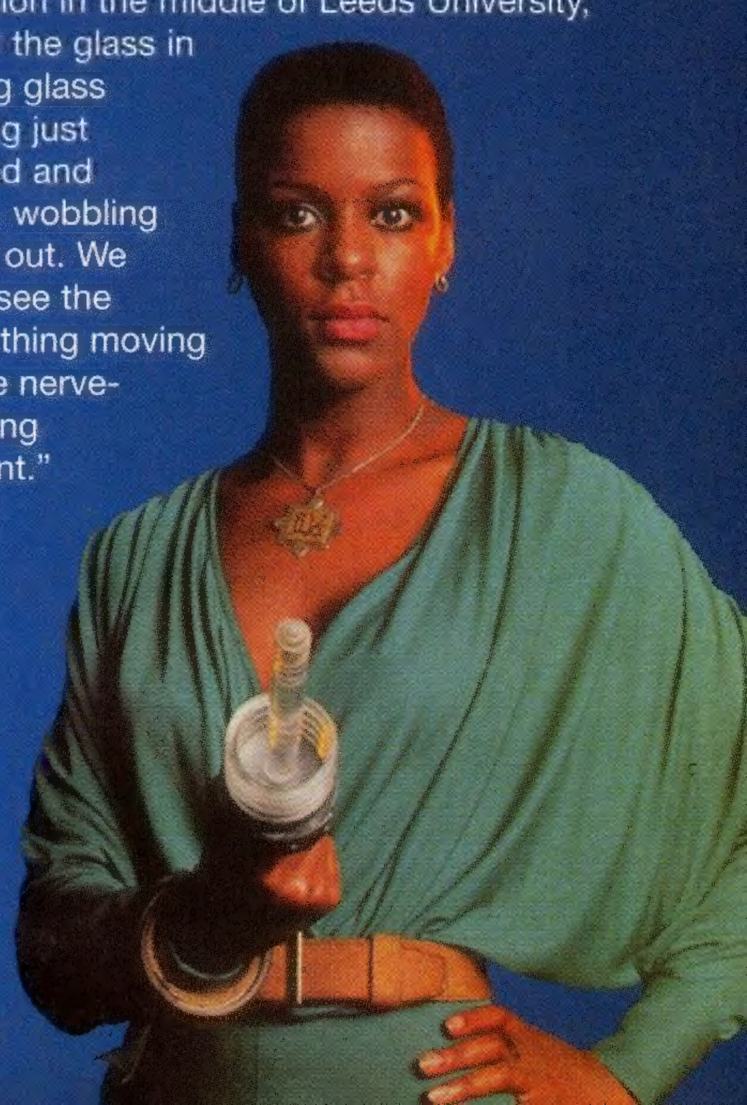
Clone arranger

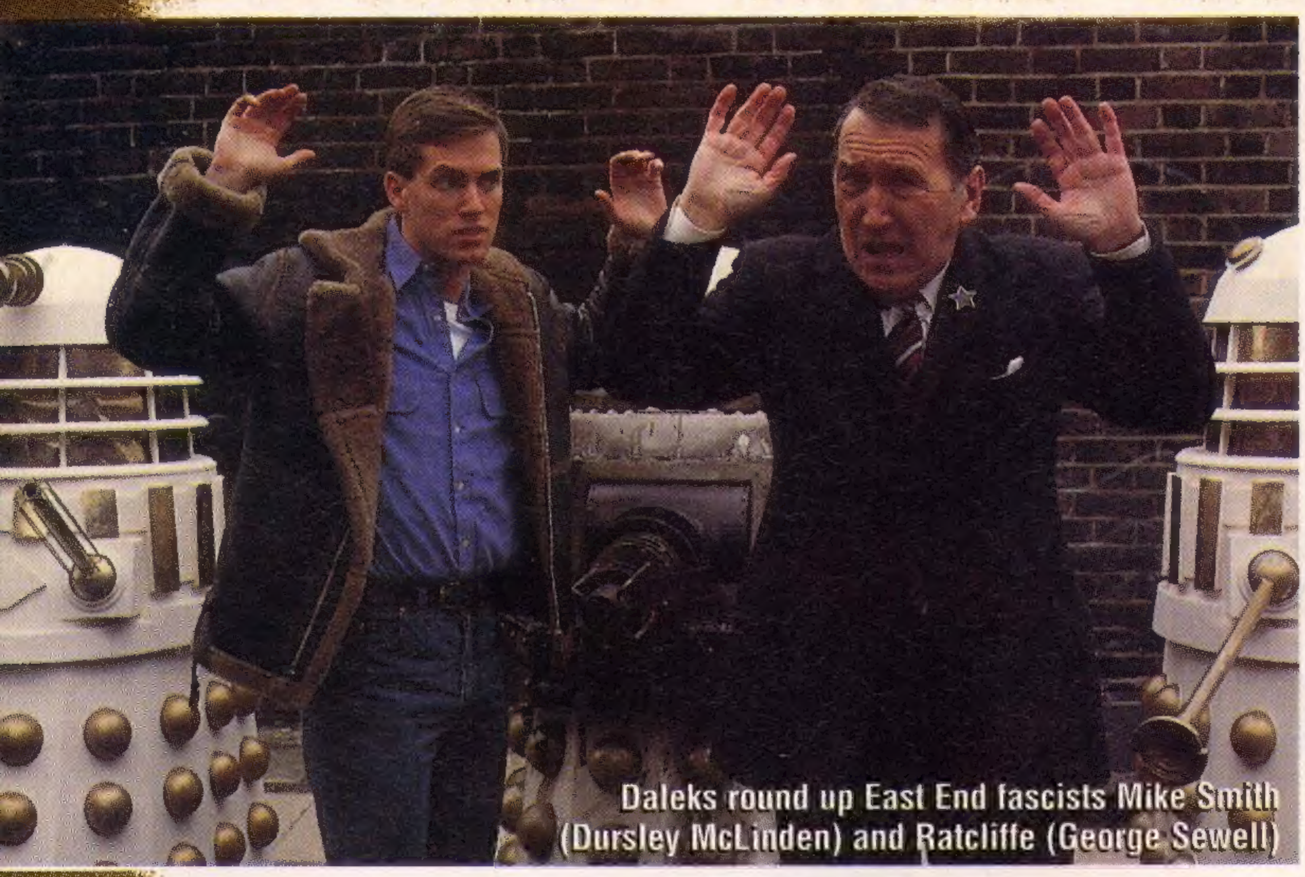
Children of Auron was a latter episode of *Blake's 7*, falling after Gareth Thomas' Blake had disappeared from the series. "I was very friendly with Gareth. I tried to persuade him to come and do a voice for that episode, but he was too busy. Jan Chappell played both Cally and her clone twin, and it was quite interesting to fiddle with the split screen necessary to film that. I liked the cast. I remember it was one of Josette Simon's [Dayna, pictured] first episodes. She was still at drama school and didn't have an Equity card. The BBC was very wary of the unions back then, so we had to go through this rigamarole of interviewing hundreds of black actresses.

"I remember there was an extraordinary television studio rather like a nuclear fallout shelter in the depths of Broadcasting House, and we went down there practically with gas masks and shot all these tests with Josette. We eventually managed to satisfy Equity and the BBC, so Josette got the part and was jolly good. She's become a wonderful actress. I bumped into her about a year ago at a first night party. I went up to her and said, 'You won't remember me.' She said, 'Yes I do, you're Andrew Morgan!' It was very nice to see her again."

Children of Auron took Andrew and his crew up to Yorkshire. The director had a couple of specific criteria when searching out locations to depict the planet Auron. "I had this feeling that as we were on another planet we shouldn't see England's green and pleasant land, so I found a great dam for a chase sequence. It made for a great shot but we needed to blot out the grass on either side, so we had a scenery painter come up and paint in more dam over a sheet of glass in front of the lens. We started the actors back behind the glass and then used the centre part of the shot where they came into view. It was all very effective.

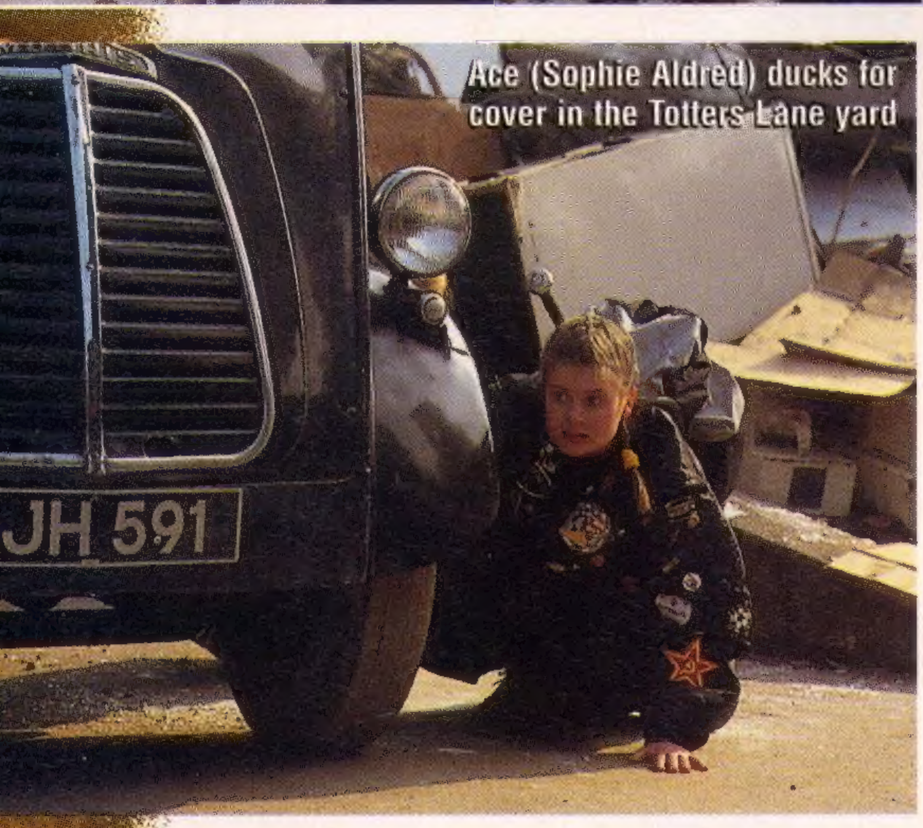
"The shot went perfectly, but Michael Chapman, the cameraman, asked if we should do another take for safety because of all the effort it had taken. I didn't think there was any reason to, so we moved on – and we discovered in editing that this tiny little fly had landed on the glass and was crawling up. It was a nightmare! Sheila Tomlinson, the editor, cut around it, so the general public wouldn't have known. We also set off an explosion in the middle of Leeds University, and all the glass in this big glass building just buckled and shook, wobbling in and out. We could see the whole thing moving for one nerve-wracking moment."





Daleks round up East End fascists Mike Smith (Dursley McLinden) and Ratcliffe (George Sewell)

An Imperial Dalek and its opponents' schoolgirl controller (Jasmine Breaks). *Remembrance of the Daleks*



Ace (Sophie Aldred) ducks for cover in the Totters Lane yard

"The Dalek story had a great script and cast. It was much more fun to work on than my first"

Shooting *Remembrance* at the Coal Hill School location

tion mark! It doesn't matter if they're the son of a duke or a dustman, they all speak the same way."

On both of his *Doctor Who* stories, Andrew worked with Dick Mills and Keff McCulloch on sound effects and music respectively. "I enjoyed working with Keff enormously. The music was fine, if very synthesised. That kind of music drives me crazy to listen to, but it suited the show. John Nathan-Turner was very good in the way he got Keff and Dick working together up at Maida Vale. All the bleeps were in the right key for the music and vice versa!"

Andrew didn't work on the following season, *Doctor Who*'s last as a regular BBC series, but he did spend a day in a rather different role on the series. "I remember I went down with a whole gang of people to Arundel Castle for the story later in the anniversary season which Chris Clough directed [*Silver Nemesis*]. It was a little celebration involving lots of directors who'd worked on the programme, and Vere Lorrimer [director/producer on *Blake's 7*] was in charge of us all. I slunk around in the background! I think I was invited back to direct – I certainly had a very good relationship with John. I was doing quite a lot of work at the time. I'm really not too sure, but I have a feeling I was asked to do some episodes, wasn't available and suggested Michael Kerrigan. He did the story where Sophie Aldred had a big accident and the whole of studio TC1 was flooded [*Battlefield*]."

Other entries on Andrew's impressive CV include *The Onedin Line*, *Juliet Bravo*, *Squadron* and the BAFTA-nominated *Swallows and Amazons Forever*. "Anna Home, who was then Controller of Children's Television at TVS, invited me to go down there and do a show called *Knights of God*. Patrick Troughton was in that – I loved Patrick, I used to work with him quite a lot. When Anna came back to the Beeb, she asked me to do more stuff for her – not so much children's stuff as family viewing. It was around this time, 1987-88, that I did my two *Doctor Whos*.

"After *Doctor Who* I went up to Central and did a series called *Hard Cases*. I was getting my own production company going with Julian Fellowes at the time, and we'd found this book which was written by a nun, *Little St Nicholas*. We persuaded Anna Home to do it but we had a ghastly time with the writer . . . I then did a few *EastEnders*, which I enjoyed a lot. It's a very good series for your CV, as it means you're capable of working fast. I've also done lots of *Casualty*, including Brenda Fricker's last episode, and I worked for Granada on *Knight School* last year. I've worked in Luxembourg, and quite a lot in Germany, where they do their own version of *The Bill*. I've just finished *The Worst Witch*, based on the books by Jill Murphy."

Like so many other directors, Andrew Morgan's over-riding memory of his *Doctor Who* episodes is the unforgiving schedule from which he was required to produce magic. "There was always too much to do on the day. Timing restrictions were the killer. I was always being told to hurry up, though John Nathan-Turner was very supportive. It was frustrating at times, though amusing now to look back on. *Doctor Who* was very happy, very innovative and exciting. And as there were no buy-outs in those days, it's that much more marvellous because the series has made me quite a bit of money in repeats and residuals!" DWM

Scientific whizzes Rachel (Pamela Salem) and the Doctor

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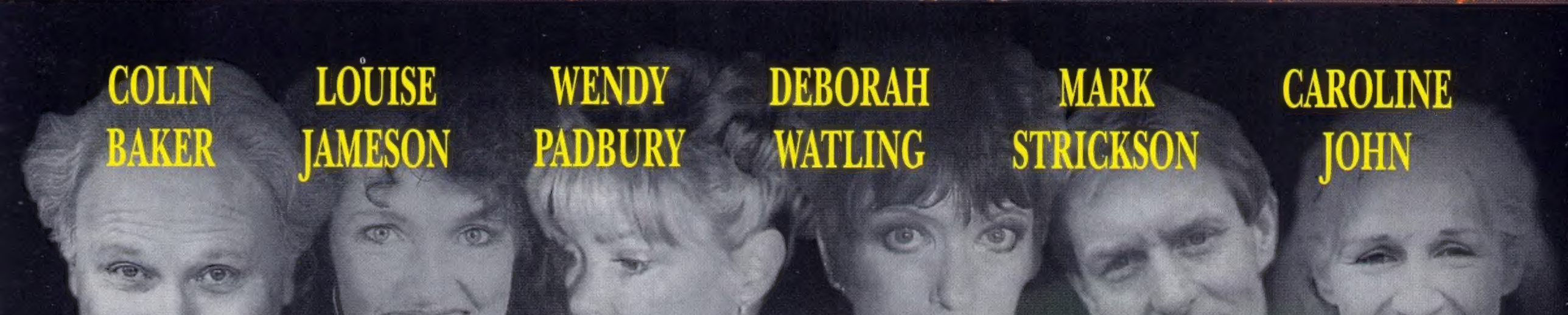

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